AMERICAN GIRL April 1953.25¢

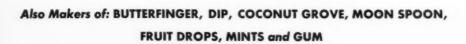




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by MARJORIE VETTER

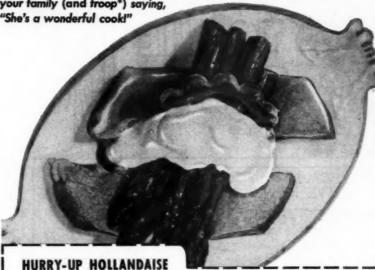
THAT STEWART GIRL. By NINA PAL-MER. William Morrow and Company, \$2.50. You think you have an inferiority complex? Wait until you read about Petra. Though she had so little confidence in herself, Petra could draw; she could write; she was genuinely interested in many things; she was intelligent and she had ideas. She didn't know how to dress or to do her hair. Most of the time she was too absorbed in some fascinating project to care how she looked. To her fellow students she was "that Stewart girl" whom no one bothered to know very well. But from the day she dropped her sketches in the class meeting, it didn't take her classmates long to make use of Petra's talents and her sense of responsibility. It was Petra who tutored the handsome class president and football star so he was eligible to play; Petra who worked with the able editor of the class paper; Petra who designed and executed the first scenery any Millville senior class play ever had. In short, Petra became a "big wheel" among the seniors, but it took her a whole year to find out how much her class admired and loved her. Here is a high-school background such as hundreds of you know in towns and cities all over the country. There is humor and understanding in Petra's story and you will be amused, moved, and encouraged by it.

FAST TURNS. By FLORENCE CHOATE.
J. B. Lippincott Company, \$2.50. Proud, conservative Grandma Howard did not approve of a ballet dancer granddaughter. But Mother said firmly that Adrienne should have her chance. With the loss of a lodger and the house in need of a new roof, Adrienne could not have had extra ballet lessons if Madame had not made special arrangements because of faith in her pupil's ability. No wonder Adrienne was determined to succeed. Dancing at the veterans' hospital, she made a new friend-attractive, mysterious Jim Bohlen. As the Howards' new lodger, Jim proved a friend to all the family-small, crippled Hilda; likable Andy; Mother; and even queenly Grandma Howard. Adrienne's first professional venture had an unfortunate ending, but hard work paid off in opportunity in the end. The story moves along swiftly, combining the interest of a career in ballet with the warm humanness of an attractive family.

If you are interested in books reviewed on these pages, and you cannot find copies at your local bookstore, you may order from the publishers in care of the magazine. Please make checks or money orders payable to the publisher, not to The AMERICAN GIRL.

Keep a Recipe Scrapbook

A fast, easy dish that'll have your family (and troop*) saying,



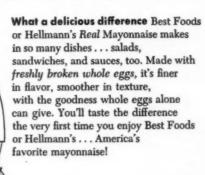
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Here's a real "gourmet" sauce, made in a jiffy! Just combine ¾ cup Best Foods® or Hellmann's® Real Mayonnaise, ¼ cup milk. Cook over hot water 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. white pepper, 1 tbs. lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind. Serve over asparagus bundles held in toasted bread rings (shape bread slices with cookie cutter, spread with Real Mayonnaise, toast). Serves 6. Delicious with Ham Steak: Broil ¾" thick ham steak under moderate flame, 10 mins. each side.



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MERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS-PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1953

FICTION	
"All My Sheep" Frances Fitzpatrick Wright	7
Mrs. Izaak Walton	10
'Ware Falcon! (Part IV)	14
NONFICTION	
Round-up on Retailing	12
Recipe Exchange: Easter BrunchJudith Miller	16
Bags to Riches	24
FASHION AND GOOD LOOKS	
Prize Purchase	17
Summer Reflections	18
Don't Look Now!	21
Dress-up Cottons (Patterns)	22
Teen Shop TalkJonni Burke	26
FEATURES	
Books	3
By You (Contributors' Department)	23
A Penny for Your Thoughts	32
Iron-on Designs	33
Contest News (American Girl Subteen Design Contest)	
All Over the Map	38
Back-Yard Fun	40
Speaking of Movies	46
C I KI D II	

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APRIL COVER



Doris Hoffmann, our pretty cover girl for the month of April, looks as pert as a pixie as she sits beside this rock-garden pool. She is wearing a full-skirted polka-dot sundress by Suzy Brooks. Built-up bodice is tight-fitting, and the V-shaped collar and armholes are edged in solid piping. The little solid-color fly-away jacket has cap sleeves and a Peter Pan collar. It closes with four covered buttons and has an inverted back pleat. In red and white; blue and white. Sizes 8-14 subteen, about \$9, at the stores on page 50. Jewelry by Coro. Lipstick by Cutex.

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Reflect

minute Miss Teen!



Checking up on your appearance is a commendable habit. But never forget to be sweet as well as neat—in manner and personal grooming, too. That's the way to popularity!

and take care...

Be sure you avoid the fault that others find hard to forgive. Underarm perspiration odor doesn't only happen to "older" people. Teenagers can offend as well, if they don't watch out.

Trouble is, odor-causing bacteria multiply rapidly in the confined underarm area unless you guard against this risk. So be wise—give underarms MUM's new finer protection.

New Mum contains M-3

... a practically magic ingredient that actually destroys odor-causing bacteria. No wonder softer, creamier new Mum with M-3 stops odor all day long!



Mum deodorant is safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes, too. Yes, gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering, guaranteed not to rot or discolor even your finest fabrics. And please note—new Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No drying out.

You'll love every delicate whiff of new Mum's exclusive fragrance—as well as its creamier texture. Stays smooth and usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. So be a dream for daintiness—get new Mum today.

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send for "NOW is the Time."
A chatty little leaflet that's teeming with big ideas. Simply mail postcard with your name and address to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AG-43, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

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Spinet Cabinet, exciting new design. Leaf opens toward you. Machine is set at an angle. You sit more comfortably, see better, sew more easily.



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THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU





trouble. Half the time the silly mothers will own one lamb but not the other. Or one is born strong and the other weak; then the strong one gets all the milk if you don't look out. I do hope Snow White doesn't have twins for me to take care of. I ought to be hoping for triplets though, because when her lamb is sold, I will get the money. And at the moment lambs are as high as the Georgia pines.

I guess you are bored with sheep, but in this house right now they are the only topic of discussion.

Your ever-loving friend,

P. Downing P. S. The red velveteen has a very full skirt and a sleeveless blouse with silver beads on it and a little jacket that buttons up so you don't see the blouse. It looks like either a sport suit or a dance dress. As I told Mother, what could be more practical? But she didn't weaken.

Dear Janie:

There are several reasons for envying you; one is that you are an only child. If you need a new dress more than life. you can get it. With me, being one of four, it is different. I went by the Chic Shop and looked at the dress again today, just to make sure it is still there. I know it will be gone soon if Mother doesn't let me buy it. I haven't mentioned it lately because, in spite of my good resolutions, I forgot to mail a letter. It was a birthday letter from Mother to Peterkin, with money in it. When she was taking my coat to the cleaner, she found the letter in my pocket. It had been there two days, which made it late for the birthday. Good grief, I wish I could remember things, but I forget to mail my own letters sometimes. I stay in such a spin with school and the school paper, and the glee club, and now the dance coming up, it makes me absent-minded.

On top of all our other troubles, we have had an ice storm, the worst since 1857. Eskimos have nothing on us. But it is really a beautiful sight. Every tree in our orchard looks like a huge, crystal chandelier. At sunset today, the sun broke through the clouds. Long shafts of light that made me think of golden arrows struck the trees and made the ice glitter like heaps of diamonds. Then the west turned red and the light changed and the ice had rosy fires in it, like opals. I know I sound gooey, but I have never seen anything like it. We are having a gruesome time. The

ice on the power lines put the elec-tricity out of business. The roads are so bad the service trucks can't run. We haven't had a kilowatt of current in three days. No lights, no water except from the hand pump, no stove, no refrigerator, no radio, no iron, no telephone, no fire in the furnace.

You can imagine Father's acid comments on the furnace. Last summer, against his will, we got him to put in a stoker which is electrically controlled. So now, to keep from con-gealing, all we have are two open grates. One is in the living room, the other in Mother's and Father's bedroom. The only coal we've had or can get is stoker coal. We have to mix it with wood or corncobs to get it to burn at all. I wear a heavy bathrobe over all my clothes. At supper tonight, Father ranted a bit. He said that this blizzard should convince us that it's foolish to get away from the simple life. He said gadgets, "infernal gadgets," are all anybody thinks about, and that everybody is afraid to move a muscle except to push a button or turn a switch. He said we were all better off before Edison was born because then folks had some self-reliance and common sense. With that he stood up to warm his back at the fire and ended with this choice bit: "Experience keeps an expensive school, but fools will learn in no other.'

Mother and I were silent. We poked the fire and put on a teakettle of water. We boiled eggs in it and then used the same water to make a pot of tea. Mother sliced some ham and bread and opened a jar of preserves. We ate on a card table in front of the fire in the living room. The grate fire hardly made a dent on the icy air. Even so, the living room was balmy compared to the kitchen. In there everything is frozen to stone. We stacked the dirty dishes in the sink. By then Mother was shaking with the cold. She suggested I sleep on the sofa in the living room instead of upstairs in my below-zero bedroom. Tommy, the lucky dog, is spending the night at Cousin Emmie's. Their furnace is the hand-fired

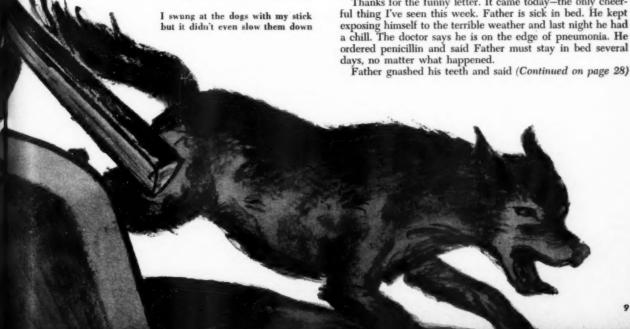
Mother and Father have gone to bed but here I sit, like Abe Lincoln, writing to you by fire and candlelight. I wish you were here. It wouldn't be so dull then. We could pretend we were pioneers, as we did in the Daniel Boone pageant at school that time when we were in the sixth. Remember? I still laugh when I think about the old bearskin rug we borrowed and how it slipped from under my feet and I fell right into the footlights.

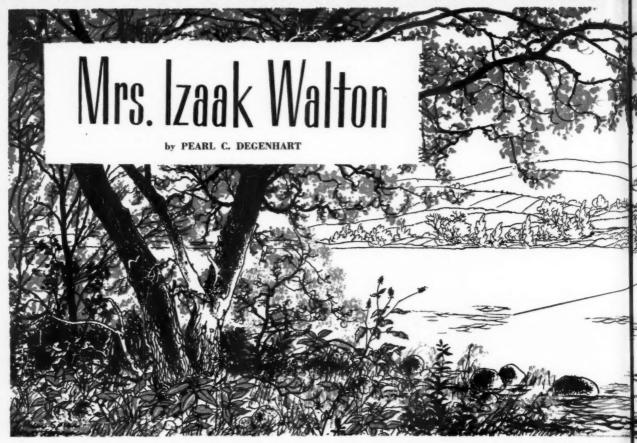
I can't bear to think of taking a bath. The pump handle is coated with ice; so is the pavement leading to the pump. So I'll skip it. When this spell is over, I, for one, will know how to appreciate Mr. Edison, no matter how Father feels.

Your semi-solid friend, P. Downing

Dear Janie:

Thanks for the funny letter. It came today-the only cheerful thing I've seen this week. Father is sick in bed. He kept exposing himself to the terrible weather and last night he had a chill. The doctor says he is on the edge of pneumonia. He ordered penicillin and said Father must stay in bed several days, no matter what happened.





Sharley never knew what to expect of the irrepressible Lennie

T LONG LAST Miss Hale, who had kept on talking after the last bell, signaled that the class was dismissed. Sharley Mitchell rushed to the window. Would Len be there, on the steps below, waiting? She clutched the tough old ivy that covered the wall of the building for support as she leaned far out to see around the stone marquee over the entrance.

Yes. He was there, lounging against the

iron railing. As Sharley watched, two girls came down the steps, and he flashed his gorgeous grin at them. Stabbed by jealousy, Sharley called, "Hi, Lennie."

He looked up at her, then called back in a slow drawl, "You're as slow as an angleworm, angel. Hurry up, can't you?"

Sharley felt fine then, but as she went down to meet him, she couldn't help wondering again why Len Harper, who had everything-personality, looks, and even a car-should wait every night for her, when she had such a terrible handicap. Her father would not allow her to date! Ever since her mother died, he had been guarding Sharley like a precious jewel, even threatening to send her to her aunt in Burwood if she ever so much as brought a boy home from school with her.

Len came forward to meet her now, took her hand, tucked it under his arm, and asked, "Going to let me take you home in

my limo, honey bun?"

"Len, you know Father says I must ride

on the school bus. He—"

Len stiffened. "What that old man of yours says becomes boring. With your blue eyes and gold-dust hair, you're the neatest job in Smithfield High. But what good does that do, when your father keeps you under lock and key?'

Sharley grew worried when Len talked like that. She knew she couldn't expect that he would always be waiting on the steps

for a girl he could never take on a date.

"I'll ask Dad again," she promised. "If he knew you better he wouldn't think you were-

"A hot rodder without a brain in his head," Len interrupted. He said, in a voice as basso profundo as he could make it, "My little girl is not going to waste her time on

that young nincompoop."
Sharley laughed. "It's good you don't take things seriously, Lennie.

Do you want me to be like your stuffy

father who never has any fun?"
"Father's not stuffy," Sharley defended him quickly. "And he has a very good time every Sunday." Lennie could go too far. Dad was a pretty nice person even if he did have a few funny notions.

"Reading the Sunday newspapers no doubt.

"He goes fishing."

"Oh, murder," Len squeaked. "Fishing every Sunday!" He stopped and slapped his forehead. "But that gives me an idea. I'll be up to your house, next Sunday, as soon as dear Father sets out with his block and tackle to fish.

"No, Len, no. Don't do that," Sharley wailed. "If you come to the house, he'll send me to Aunt Bessie's.'

"You have all the spunk of a potato bug. If you don't stand up to your father and convince him that I am neither a fool, a crook, nor a wolf, Sharley," he threatened, "I'll go out with Patty Smith. You won't see much of me once I get in Patty's clutches."

"Oh, Len!" was all that Sharley could say as he helped her onto the bus.

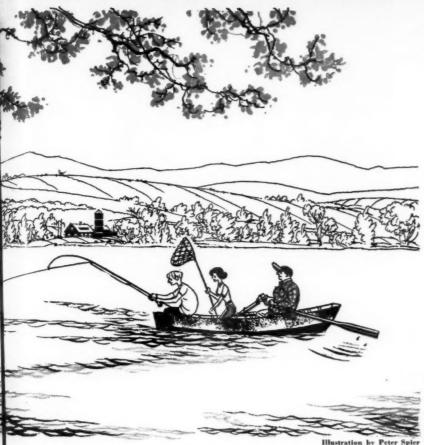
The next Sunday, Mr. Mitchell asked Sharley to go fishing with him as usual, but she begged off to work on a term paper she had to finish. As soon as her father left, she went to her desk, but Len's face came between her and the words she was writing. She kept seeing him and Patty Smith on their way to the movies or out for a ride in his car.

Finally she put the paper aside and was staring gloomily out of the window, when she heard with dismay Lennie's magnificent "limo" chugging and clattering up the hill.

She dashed out of the house as the gaudily painted creation turned noisily into the driveway and came to a shivering, bouncing stop.

What a hill!" Lennie said, as he threw his long leg over the car door and slid to the ground. "It was asking almost too much of my proud beauty to climb it. Jump in, gal, and let's be off."
"Lennie," Sharley pleaded, "you know

very well I can't go out with you. Dad may be back any minute. He'll think I stayed home because I knew you were coming. Please, please go."
"If I go," Lennie declaimed dramatically,



"I shall not return. You may be sure of that!" "Do you want me to be sent to Burwood and never see you or Smithfield High again?" Sharley wailed.

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"If you are such a coward you can't even talk to your father, you'll not see me again, anyhow," Len answered, and climbed grandly into his car.

He stepped on the starter. There was a whir. Nothing else. Lennie's face grew red with embarrassment as the starter went on and on without the slightest response from

Panic struck Sharley. Lennie stuck in the driveway-Father-Burwood!
"Len," she cried, "Do something, quick!"

Len gave her a disgusted look, scrambled out, and propped up the hood. He poked into the engine, then called, "Get in, honey bun, and step on the starter.'

Sharley got in, and stepped. Nothing happened, except that the starter sounded

"Got any gas?" Sharley asked timidly. Len jerked his head up from under the hood. "Ye whiskers! I forgot to siphon any from Dad's car.'

"Couldn't we push the car down the hill and hide it in the trees?" Sharley suggested. "Maybe. You steer, and I'll push." Len bent over, put his back to the radiator, and pushed. The car moved a little.

In the intensity of their effort neither heard a car come up behind them. When its horn honked, Len jerked up, Sharley turned, and both looked into the angry face of Mr. Mitchell.

After a moment's dead silence, Len spoke. "I drove up to see you, Mr. Mitchell, and

ran out of gas."
"To see me," Mr. Mitchell roared. "A likely story! You sneaked up here when my back was turned to try to persuade my daughter to go out in that-that rattletrap!

Len hesitated a moment, then he said, 'Sir, Sharley has told me what an expert fisherman you are. I came up to get some advice on fishing tackle.

"I'll give you some advice-" Mr. Mitchell began angrily. Then he stopped and looked at Lennie long and searchingly. "So you're interested in fishing?"

"Deeply," replied Lennie.
"Fine!" Mr. Mitchell's smile had become a smirk. "How would you like to go fishing with me next Sunday?"

Len's mouth fell open. "Me. Fishing with

"Yes. Perhaps I can postpone a trip I intended to take to Burwood until after the week end."

Len looked at Sharley's downcast face. "Thank you, sir," he said meekly. "What time shall I be here?"

I hope Len doesn't do anything foolish, as Dad is sure he will, Sharley thought as she climbed into the boat the next Sunday. Len took the rower's seat, Mr. Mitchell gave the boat a push from shore and jumped in. The current caught the craft and sent it whirling downstream.

"Pull away from the bank, boy," yelled Mr. Mitchell. "Pull away from the bank!"

Len gave a mighty tug on one oar. The boat swung away from shore, made a circle, and headed for shore again.

'Give me those oars, you dim wit," Mr. Mitchell shouted.

With a few sure strokes he guided the boat into the middle of the river.

"Put out the lines, Sharley," he said, his face grim.

Sharley handed a rod to Len. "Let out about fifty feet of line," she instructed him, "and if a salmon grabs your hook, start reeling in. Remember to keep your line

A little later she whispered to him, "You're out too far, Len. Reel in some line.

Len started to wind. The line tightened, and the pole bent. "I got a fish-I've got a fish," Len cried, reeling frantically, his pole bent double.

"It's a snag," Mr. Mitchell said with disgust. Before he could turn the boat to slacken the line, it broke.

"My best spinner gone," Mr. Mitchell

"It might happen to anybody, Dad," Sharley defended, as she put on a new spinner for Len.

Mr. Mitchell's pole jerked. "Take the oars, Sharley," he cried. "I have a bite."

"Reel in, Len," Sharley directed, "so your line won't foul up Father's fish.

But she was too late. Len's line crossed Mr. Mitchell's; Len gave it a jerk, which put slack in Mr. Mitchell's line, and the salmon leaped out of the water, and shook the spinner free.

"I've had enough!" Sharley's father roared and grabbed the oars. "I'm putting you ashore, Leonard."

Len looked so discomfited, Sharley forgot to warn him to reel in. And, of course, it

happened-another snag!
"Slow up, Dad," she said. "Len's caught

again."
"Oh, no," her father moaned, "oh, no! Reel in, you idiot. Reel in slowly, and don't you dare lose that spinner!"

"But my line's moving," Lennie shouted.
"It's going downstream." The line screamed out of the reel. Then it slacked a little, and Lennie reeled furiously. Again it whistled

This time Lennie was ready. For over a half hour he played the salmon, a look of animation on his face such as Sharley had never seen there before. Sweat was pouring off his chin when he brought the fish up to the boat. Mr. Mitchell gaffed it and pulled it in. A magnificent twenty-pounder.

"That's a fine fish, son," Mr. Mitchell congratulated. "You did a fin job, my boy!"

Thanks, sir," Len sat there, staring fatuously at the salmon as it lay in the bottom of the boat.

"It is a beauty isn't it, sir?" he said. "What do you think it weighs?"

"Pretty near twenty pounds, son," Mr. Mitchell answered, beaming fondly at Len-"And you played him like a veteran.

"That was the most fun I've ever had," Lennie declared solemnly. "How about next Sunday, sir? May I come fishing with you

again?"
"I'll say you may, Len. You've got the makings of a fine fisherman, eh, Sharley?" "I guess so, Dad," Sharley answered with-

out enthusiasm. There were more ways than one to lose a beau, she reflected sadly. She could see that Lennie had won over Dad, but going fishing every Sunday wasn't her idea of fun. THE END There are quite a few rungs to the ladder that led blond Marjorie Joan Horton to her job as divisional fashion-accessory copywriter for Abraham and Straus department store in Brooklyn, New York. The job is fun if you like to use words to sell mer-chandise. Miss Horton's day is a continuous cycle of consultations with buyers, writing copy and thinking up provocative sales-promotion ideas. As a senior at Mineola, Long Island, high school, Marjorie won the Abraham and Straus Scholarship to the Tobé Coburn School for Fashion Careers. There she studied retailing, psychology, fabrics, fashion trends, advertising. On graduation she entered Abraham and Straus's executive training squad, was manager of their college shop and an assistant buyer before moving to the advertising department. The future of her job? It could be bigger and better opportunities on a magazine or in an advertising agency. A good ad writer can choose,





From Denmark, land of Hans Christian Andersen, came Ida Nielsen at nineteen, to try her luck in Salt Lake City, Utah. Her fairy tale is well on its way to a happy ending. After four years in an overall factory, she took a job a year ago in the infants' department of Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution. Here her intelligence, alertness, and enthusiasm are winning her the promise of an interesting career. "Yes, I'm happy!" she says and that's understandable. As stock clerk, Miss Nielsen is responsible for seeing that all the 817 basic infants' items are on the selling floor. She checks returns from customers, preparing them for re-marking and returning to stock. Under the buyer's supervision she selects new items for forward stock and helps with inventory. The work is interesting and gives her a great deal of satisfaction. Best of all, she's in line for promotion to an assistant buyer's job which she dreams of achieving



Hound-up on Retailing

Girls seeking careers that have glamour and excitement and that offer a real challenge to their talents, often learn with surprise of the wide range of possibilities in the retailing field



Alice Plumis, eighteen-year-old member of the sales staff of The Bon Marché in Seattle, is the dark-eyed daughter of Greek parents who came to that city from a village near Athens before she was born. Along with the traditional gaiety of the Greeks, she has a genuine love of people and a satisfaction in helping them choose their clothes. While still a student at Holy Angels Academy, Alice spent a week at The Bon Marché as an extra sales person in the 1950 Christmas rush, and returned during spring and summer vacations. After her graduation in 1952, she joined the permanent sales staff of the teen department in the store's Northgate Branch, later transferring to the same department in the main store. She plans to take university courses, and to enter The Bon Marché executive training program, which will lead to an assistant buyer or buyer job. "The retail field is inspiring—and exciting as a game," she says. "I want to go as far in it as I can."

Picture the fun of being teen counselor in a big store—planning fashion shows, lecturing, appearing on television shows. The lucky girl is Virginia Leyburn, teen counselor and fashion co-ordinator for the Youth Center of Davison-Paxon Company in Atlanta, Georgia. At college she majored in education, but she says: "I suppose what this takes is a little imagination, confidence, and my short experience in teaching." Miss Leyburn directs a (Continued on page 47)



THE STORY SO FAR: The Lady Chiara, ward of the Duke of Urbino, acted as hostess at the palace, while the Duchess, Elizabetta, was visiting her friend Isabella d' Este in Mantua. There were usually guests of high rank as well as the group of boys and girls from noble families who lived at the palace while they received court training as squires, knights, ladies-in-waiting. In that day in medieval Italy, Cesare Borgia was continually raiding and plundering Italian towns and duchies. Chiara had rescued a young lad, Beppo, a victim of one of Borgia's raids, from the teasing of the Duke's mischievous nephew, Francesco, and in revenge Francesco had stolen her golden necklace, the gage which the Floren-tine youth, Philip, had given her when she accepted him as her squire and which she had promised always to wear. Because of the troubled times, the Duke rehearsed with his ward the details of a secret tower room, hidden peepholes and passageways in the palace for use in an emergency. One day, angered by a quarrel with Philip, Chiara rode too far afield and sought refuge (where the Duchess had warned her in a letter not to go) at the Inn run by Chiara's old nurse, Alba, and her husband. Here Chiara overheard a plot by followers of Borgia, led by "someone near the Duke," to seize him, kill Francesco, and claim Urbino. In response to Chiara's warning, "Ware Falcon," the Duke met her outside to Chiara's warning, "'Ware Falcon," the Duke met her outside the city just as Philip rode up with the news that the men of the treacherous Borgia were already nearing the palace. In the confusion of the evacuation, Chiara became separated from her escort and, using a secret passageway to the chapel, saw Alba lying wounded on the altar, just as the Duke's trusted secretary, Pier Antonio, appeared with two of Borgia's men.

PART FOUR

"Henceforth you will take orders from me! I am no longer the poor secretary, the nobody!" he ranted. "I have the Duke's two greatest treasures—this girl and the secret gold! Borgia

may have power, but I will have wealth!"

At a murmur from one of the men, his voice rose in fury.
"You doubt me? I'll tell you this much. The Montefeltri kept vast stores of gold ever at hand. That," he hissed at Chiara, "is the 'great family secret.' Guidobaldo himself told me!"

Enraged, Chiara found her voice. "You vicious wretch," she said in a voice cold with disdainful anger. "The Duke told

you no secrets!"
"Haughty still?" he sneered. "You'll soon be cured of that.
Your Duke was haughty, too, and where is he now? Done for!
Now I'm on top! You're mine, and so will be his fortune!" He
turned to the soldiers. "See that she's here when I come back!"
he warned, then darted off.

"The man's mad," said one.

The other nodded. "There may be treasure hid, but if he knew where, he'd have been away with it before now, for he knows he's done for, once Borgia learns the Duke has escaped."

"He's probably trying to ferret it out now," answered his mate. "It will be worth our while to follow him." And they too dashed out.

Chiara rose to her feet. The men were right. That madman would ransack the palace for treasure. Her way was now clear. She stepped behind the altar, found the carved panel and pressed. Nothing happened. Breathing a silent prayer, she knelt. Her fingers found the tiny beaded edge, she pressed again, and the panel opened. Then she went over to Alba. How could she ever move her?

All this time Alba had kept up a feverish muttering. Now in the stillness, her words were clear. "I-must go-my ladywarn my lady."

"Yes, yes, Alba," Chiara whispered urgently, trying to guide her toward the niche. "This way; hurry, hurry!"

Alba crawled blindly along, faltering, stopping, but always starting again at Chiara's command. So they reached the opening. Chiara dragged her old nurse inside, and slid the panel shut. Suffocating darkness, deep silence—and safety—enfolded them. They were safe from pursuit now, but they must still get up the narrow, winding stairs. Lifting, urging, imploring, Chiara started Alba on her painful way. At a turning more

than halfway up, Alba lay still, moaning. Desperately Chiara cried, "Alba, Alba! Only a few more steps to safety! You must go on!" But Alba lay motionless. "Listen!" Chiara

put her lips to Alba's ear. "If you do not move, you cannot save your lady! Chiara

will be taken prisoner!"

"I hear," came a faint whisper. "So be it. But—don't touch me." She twisted about, and dragged herself up and up, groaning like a wounded animal. Chiara, hands clenched against her mouth, moaned in sympathy at each movement. At last they reached a door. Alba groped upward; her hands gripped the heavy latch, and she pulled herself to her feet. With her arm about Chiara's shoulders she tottered to a low cot and collapsed.

Chiara realized it was the very cot on which she herself had lain on that first night

at Urbino. She looked about her. The room seemed smaller, but otherwise just as she had remembered. There was a tiny fireplace with a metal chest for charcoal and tinder and above it a torchholder, a bundle of rushlights, and a jar of oil. One end of the room was open to the starlit sky. A drawn leather curtain hung at one side of the opening. Chiara drew the curtain, dropped the huge bar across the door, then kindled a light. A dark stain was spreading across Alba's bodice. When Chiara unfastened it gently, she found an ugly wound. It must be cleansed and bandaged immediately, but how? She thought of the rich store of medicines in every palace apartment-of her own case, with its silver bowl, healing lotions, bandages, and cordials, just below. But there was also the madman, Antonio. She dared not venture forth. Yet she could not let Alba die. She looked wildly around her, then, shuddering, crept slowly to the barred door. She cast a glance at Alba's still form to gain courage before removing the bar. The torch light flickered over the fireplace. Again, as on that first night, she saw the tiny beasts, the waving trees. The map! The peepholes, marked by bending palms! She need only follow them, find the one marked as hers, and look through. If danger threatened, she could return.

She went back to the fireplace, lighted a rushlight, studied the map for a moment, then, drawing a deep breath, unbarred

the door.

Following the palms, she easily found the right peephole and, looking through, saw her room was empty. Cautiously, she opened the panel and stepped in. She was standing beside the fireplace in her own study. Shadows moved around her, but it was only a curtain blowing at the open window. The door on the Great Stairs was ajar. Slipping out to it, she pushed the huge bolts into place. Safe now! Before intruders could break in, she would be back in the tower. It took little time to find the case, slip inside the fireplace panel, and fasten it securely.

Back with Alba once more, she worked fast, bathing the wound carefully, then bandaging it with linen saturated with the astringent solution. Alba gasped as the liquid touched her torn flesh, and Chiara seized the chance to feed her a few drops of Donna Eleonora's Spanish cordial. While she was bathing Alba's face with essence, weariness suddenly overcame her. She crept out to the balcony and, sinking on the stone flags, head pillowed on her arm, fell instantly asleep. Hours passed. No sound from the sorrowing town rose high enough to disturb the sleeping girl. But as the dawn outlined the eastern mountain tops, birds on the palace roof began to sing. Chiara stirred, then woke. Stiff and exhausted, at first she could hardly move. But when she saw the daylight, she roused. The frightful night was over.

She found Alba still unconscious. So, after bathing her aching head in cool water from the cistern, she returned to the balcony. The morning breeze blew from the mountains. Somewhere beyond those mountains, the Duke, Philip, Francesco were riding for their lives. All her world had vanished, leaving her desolate. (Continued on page 42)



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HERE is something pleasant and cheer-ful about the word "brunch." And this two-in-one meal is especially nice for holidays, when we all like to relax a bit from the daily routine. It is an excellent way, too, to entertain, especially during the spring vacation. A brunch may be planned to precede a hike, an Easter-egg hunt, or a movie.

According to the dictionary, brunch is a meal served between breakfast and lunchneither one nor the other, but a combination of both, as the name suggests. Soshould this meal be similar to breakfast, or more like lunch? How should it be served? What about table decorations?

Usually a brunch is served between ten o'clock and noon, and the menu depends largely upon the hour. If the brunch is to be around ten or ten thirty, a breakfast-type menu is best. As a rule, no dessert would be served at this. Toast, muffins or other hot breads, and jam-or doughnuts, plain and fancy-take care of the sweet tooth. For a meal nearer the lunch hour, a vegetable may be added to the menu, and a simple dessert. A salad is not usually served at any brunch. However, fresh fruit may be served on lettuce as a first course, instead of fruit juice, at a very late brunch. Really, you do have a good deal of leeway in planning this type of meal. Brunch usually calls for a hot beverage, or milk, with the main course. Plan to have a good supply on hand for repeats on this.

How to Serve

For a small group, you can have a "sit-down" brunch. First comes the fruit or fruit juices; then the hot main-dish course, already arranged on warm plates. Pass bread, muffins, or rolls, and put "second helpings" on the table. Low baskets lined with pretty napkins are nice for serving

A large group is more easily served from a buffet table, each person helping him-self. Plan to have food which for the most part can be eaten with a fork. It takes a first-rate juggler to balance a plate on the lap while cutting food with a knife and fork!

With the pretty Easter eggs, the pastel crepe papers, and the gay spring flowers, it is easy to dream up attractive table arrangements for an Easter brunch. So we won't go into that here, except to say that you may even plan your food to be your centerpiece. Some suggestions are given later in this article. For a large group, the table might be centered with a tray of fruit juices of several varieties-tomato, juice, grape, orange, and pineapple juice, for example, in a rainbow of color.

Now for Some Recipes: Fruit, to begin with. These Fresh-Fruit Rings were suggested as the first course for an Easter brunch by Evelyn Fryc, of Utica, New York. With them you might have Sunrise Eggs and crisp bacon, hot-cross buns, and a beverage.

FRESH-FRUIT RINGS

- 1 #2 can sliced 3 tablespoons confecpineapple tioners' sugar bananas, sliced Mint leaves (optional)
- 1 pint strawberries

Place well-drained pineapple rings (one for each serving) on small dessert plates. Lay banana slices, overlapping, on pineapple rings. Cut strawberries in halves, and arrange on top of bananas. Sprinkle with sugar, and garnish with mint leaves if desired.

SUNRISE EGGS

6 slices bread 6 eggs ½ teaspoon salt Butter or margarine Dash of pepper

Butter bread on one side only, and toast the buttered side. Separate eggs. Put whites in a large bowl, but leave each yolk in its shell until ready to use. Add salt and pepper to whites and beat until they stand in peaks. Pile lightly on untoasted side of bread slices. Make a small well in center of each mound of egg white. Slip one egg yolk into each well and sprinkle with salt. Bake about 15 minutes in moderate oven (350°) or until yolks are set and whites delicately browned.

Sasha Schmidt sends this recipe from Belgrade, Montana. She says that if you put a piece of broiled or fried ham on each toast slice before piling on the egg whites, you have practically a one-plate brunch. And a delicious one, too.

Bunny Rolls are just the thing for an Easter brunch, and they are easy to make. This is how we do it.

BUNNY ROLLS

- Dough: 1/2 cup milk
 - 2 tablespoons lukewarm water

Raisins

- 4 cup sugar teaspoon salt
 - 1 egg 21/2 cups flour
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine 1 cake fresh yeast
 - 2 tablespoons melted shortening

Scald milk. Add sugar, salt, and shortening, and stir until dissolved. Cool to lukeued on page 34)

THE

For gay times and playtime—a "Dungarette" by Dell Tween. The sundress of denim with full swing skirt has two patch pockets. Bodice is elasticized under the arm and has wide straps with adjustable ties. In charcoal or cadet blue, about \$7. The blouse, a classic boy shirt, is done in a stylized bandana print. About \$2, in red only. Both are available in subteen sizes 8-14, at the stores listed on page 50

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1953



DRAWING BY ABBI DAMEROW PHOTO BY RAY SOLOWINSKI

THE AMERICAN GIRL





Shirley Lee's date dress of checked gingham has a rhinestone-studded solid bodice with V-shaped neckline. The full skirt is shirred. Fitted jacket is also trimmed with rhinestones. Sizes 9-15 for teens. About \$13. It comes in navy, red, green, and black with white

Summer Reflections



Be wise—be an early-bird shopper. Choose "before and after" sundresses that are designed to see you through both spring and summer in style.

All are available at the stores listed on page 50



Carsonette's neat broadcloth sundress has an embroidered bodice with solid-color Peter Pan collar. Full skirt has unpressed pleats. The brief bolero jacket has a modified cut-away front. In sizes 8-14 subteen, about \$6. Pink, blue, green, and maize

A sophisticated sundress of everglaze cotton by Teena Paige. Bodice is shirred at the bustline and has narrow straps which may be tucked inside. The skirt is very full. Brief scooped-neck jacket closes with jet buttons. Sizes 7-15 for teens. About \$13. Pink, blue, maize



Bobby Teen uses everglaze cotton in this perky sundress with builtup shoulderline. The bodice is striped, has a mandarin collar with small bow at the neckline. Solid-color spencer jacket has striped trim and is elasticized in back. In navy and gray, it's about \$6. Sizes 8-14 subteen

PHOTOS BY MAY SOLOWINSKI

Summer Reflections...

Picture yourself in one of these gay, carefree cottons that are perfect for alloccasion wear. Then take your choice, and turn to page 50 for the store nearest you that carries your favorite





Bates Disciplined fabric in this semitailored dress by Paramount. Full skirt is done in a novelty print. Sleeveless bodice of a solid color is tucked in front, has a small, pointed collar. V-shaped slit in back adds a touch of sophistication. Subteen sizes 8-14. About \$11; apricot, cocoa

Bonnie Blair uses denim in this one-piece dress with a two-piece look. Full skirt is done in a solid color, while the top, with small, cuffed collar, is diagonally striped. Three shiny buttons point up the bodice interest. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$6. Comes in navy or red

DON'T LOOK NOW

by MARY PARKER SHERWOOD

F SOMEONE should snap your picture with a candid camera this very minute, would you want to keep the proofs? Or would the shutter catch you smack in the middle of some grisly gesture that would make you cringe if you ever saw it in print?

If a wire recorder should play back the sounds you have made in the last half hour, would you smile with satisfaction? Or would you hear with mounting humiliation a series of whistles and sniffles and hummings and drummings and other assorted sound effects that would drive you frantic if anyone else were making them? If you can pass either one of these tests without a twinge of embarrassment, you're an unusually poised and polished person. If you can't, it's time to take a short-focus look at your personal habits.

Try to stare coolly and critically at yourself, because other people look at you that way all the time—and from every angle. You are actually "posing" for a battery of all-too-candid cameras during every minute of your waking day. And you can't shout "Cut! Don't shoot that scene!" You can't keep pleading "Don't look now!" It's safer to assume that someone's watching and train yourself to act accordingly.

You may suppose that "no one will notice" if you surreptitiously hitch up your garter belt or scratch your scalp or slip your pumps off under the table. But someone is almost sure to see. You may imagine that "nobody's looking" when you nibble a fingernail or pick at your nose or publicly rearrange your coiffure. Somebody is.

Or perhaps you don't even know that you have some exasperating little trick that you repeat and repeat and repeat, ad infinitum and ad nauseum! Maybe you don't even realize that you've twirled that same weary tendril of hair about your finger for the trillionth time, or driven some long-suffering soul to the borderline of sanity by clicking your compact open and shut in an endless offbeat rhythm. You are blithely unaware, but somebody else is not!

Mannerisms are bad manners. They not only betray the fact that you are ill at ease; they make other people uneasy, too. They are symptoms of social insecurity. And by mannerisms we mean any superfluous sound or motion indulged in simply because you feel like fidgeting. They're all unlovely to look at and unlovely to listen to!

Probably you think that bewhiskered old adage about "handsome is as handsome does" is strictly for mid-Victorians, but actually it's a (Continued on page 31) I always nibble when I'm pensive (You surely don't find this offensive?) It never fails To trim my nails, And emery boards are so expensive!

While no one peers in my direction I'll peek, again, at my complexion.
My compact pops...
All action stops...
While I reflect on my reflection!

I'm in a mildly mental phase,
So would you please avert your gaze?
If I just scratch
My tousled thatch
I'm sure my grades will all be A's!

Please ignore these frantic twitches,
Or else I'll have you all in stitches.
I'm not on the border
Of nervous disorder,
It's just that something, somewhere, itches!

I'm making noises? Picase excuse!

Don't look now . . . don't listen, either . . .
I'm going to give my feet a breather.
Those thumps and bumps?
Oh, just my pumps—
And now where are they? Can't find either!

Drawings by Abbi Damerow

Gum's such fun for her who chews.

These snaps and pops

(I'm awfully easy to amusel)

Are really tops

1953

Oress-up Cotton



Each pattern 30e

The bodice is frosted with smart eyelet banding, and pert bows accent the trim waistline. Bates broadcloth was used for the dress shown here. Sizes 10-16. Size 12 calls for 41/2 yards of 35" fabric

4789: The smart simplicity of its lines and the portrait neckline framing the shoulders make this a dress to wear for your important summer dates. The pattern, which comes in sizes 11-17, includes short sleeves. For size 13 you will need 4% yards 39" material

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. There is a clipout order blank on page 33

Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 49 for details

The Sea in Spring First Poetry Award

The ocean is like a friend You haven't seen since September, Watching you anxiously— Not quite sure you'll remember; Waiting Rushing Hesitating Retreating;

Watching Calling Hoping Pleading—

To come . . .

And be friends again.

BARBARA McGEARY (oge 16) Westfield, New Jersey





PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD (Top) MARYANN SIMMEN (age 14) Danville, California

FIRST ART AWARD (Above)
SHIRLEY DAVIS (age 15)
Oceanside, California

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD VIRGINIA SUTHERLIN (age 15) St. Louis, Missouri

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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1953

Scheherazade First Nonfiction Award

As can be recalled, Scheherazade was the beautiful girl who told the stories that make up the "Arabian Nights." For one thousand and one nights she told these stories in order to save her life. Yes, Scheherazade is truly to be remembered, for there are two of them.

The other is a Scheherazade with wind in her rigging; a tall, slender mast that is so sturdy it could be a telephone pole; a beautifully curved bow; and a heart like a human being's.

Only this Scheherazade is twenty-seven feet long, omitting her bowsprit and bumpkin, and she is what is commonly known as a sailboat. She carries a mainsail and a jib and she carries them well. Her cabin will

comfortably sleep two or three and is aired by five portholes.

We cast off for the keys on a hot, sunny day. By three o'clock in the afternoon a squall was quite welcome to relieve the heat. It is amazing how quickly a strong, willing boat, sailing calmly along, can be transformed into an ironlike example of uncertainty. The shifting winds account for her uncertainty, and her strong nature accounts for her ironlike will in a storm. We had to fight to stay aboard while taking down her sails with the wind and rain whipping against us. Out went the anchor and we went below for warmth.

Later the sun came out and we reached Key Largo in the late afternoon. Days were spent fishing and peering through a glass-bottomed bucket at the ever-amazing and mysterious world under water.

Nights were beautiful and it gave you a strange and wonderful feeling of peace and contentment to see the stars shining through the clouds. Our silence was broken only by the screams of "Tarzan" brought to us by our portable radio.

Heading home we were followed by porpoises which guarded the water. A rainbow blessed the sky.

But even after having a time so





adventurous, it felt good to get home. As the saying goes, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and Scheherazade is our friend.

Beautiful and vibrant,
Strong and alive
. . is Scheherazade.
ANNETTE ALEXANDER (oge 15)
Corol Gables, Florida

Memories

It was while I was cleaning out the junk box in my room (after much persuasion from Mom) that I came across the tiny padlocked trunk. I thought that I had thrown it out years ago.

As I looked at the trunk, I remembered the summer when I had first acquired it. It was the summer that we had agreed to rent the little house the McGuires had offered us for the summer.

It was in a very small town near the Nevada border in the high Sierras, off one of the many lakes near Tahoe. That was where I met Meg. She seemed a very quiet and shy person after the noisy kids that I knew. She was very pretty. She had the most beautiful hair. It was chestnut-colored and I remember envying her hair.

I was in the front yard cleaning up the leaves and junk with my older brother, Eddie, and my younger sister, Lenore. Meg was walking down the street with her dog, a very beautiful German shepherd named Lucky. As she walked by, she smiled shyly and said hello. Right away my brother let out a wolf whistle. She smiled and continued on down the street.

That evening I mentioned seeing her to my father. Dad just said her name was Meg. I asked him where he had found that out, and he just smiled mysteriously and said that a little bird had told him. I kept pestering him but he wouldn't say any more.

One evening he came home very excited and announced that we all had been invited out to dinner at some friends' house. It turned out that the friends were Meg's parents. That night I met the nicest person that I have ever known.

I suppose that just about now you are wondering where the little trunk comes in. Well, later on in the summer, Meg and I were very close friends. We did everything together; we were so close that everyone called us shadows.

Then it happened, one horrible August morning—August 23, to be exact.

Meg, Eddie, and I were all coming home from a fishing trip in the nearby lake. Meg's dog, Lucky, ran out into the middle of the street to pick up a bone which was lying in the middle of the road. A heavily loaded pickup truck came around the corner at a

(Continued on page 48)



Bags to Riches

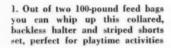
PHOTOS BY SINGER SEWING CENTE

E ICHT COTTON feed bags-add a few deft touches with the sewing machine-and presto chango! you have a round-the-clock summer wardrobe.

Here's what you have to do. Rip the seams of the bag, soak to remove the label, then press the fabric and lay out your pattern. For help in sewing, as well as new ideas, see your local

sewing center.

The bags are sold at feed stores, groceries, wholesale or retail bakeries. Or order them by mail from: Arrow Bag Co., 36th & Wynkoop Streets, Denver, Colo.; Belmont Bag and Burlap Co., 2719 N. Edgemont, Philadelphia, 34, Pa.; Berg Bag Co., 237 First Ave. N., Minneapolis 1, Minn.; Bestex Cotton Products Co., 1605 LaFayette Blvd. W., Detroit, Mich.; Service Textile Co., 25 Lexington St., Newark, N. J. Bags are 25¢ at stores, 30¢ by mail, and provide about a yard per 50-pound bag; 1½ yards per 100-pound. Samples are not available as designs change rapidly. Specify color preferred, and choice of solid, stripes, or floral print.



2. Just whisk on the whirling skirt (size 12 takes three 100-pound bags) and, lo and behold! you have created a pretty sunback dress

3. Add the bolero, made from one 100-pound cotton bag, and presto! a new date frock. Entire outfit, pattern No. 9281, in sizes 10 to 16

4. Made from two 100-pound feed bags, this wrap-on apron doubles as a beachrobe. Pattern No. 9066 in sizes small, medium, and large













Make your brand-new summer outfit for a few pennies by using cotton feed bags. Get some and start your sewing



A \$2 Camera, a cold little pup and a \$1000 prize

Ruth Slivinsky, Rockville, Conn., and her picture of Prince Rags, made with a \$2 Brownie Camera,

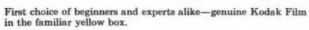
LIKE MOST STUDENTS, Ruth, a Manchester simple box-type camera. And with it she snaps the people and happenings she enjoys. These become treasured snapshots.

That's how she came to snap this picture of her pup, Prince Rags, shivering in a snowy doorway.

The judges in last year's Newspaper National Snapshots Awards thought the little fellow looked appealing. That meant the Blue Ribbon in its class-and \$1000.

Nowadays, modern cameras and film make it easy to get good snapshots. So keep your eyes open to the interesting happenings all around you. Then snap them.

You'll enjoy every shot you take. And while they cannot all win cash prizes, they're sure to rate high with your friends—for the yearbook—for bulletin boards—in billfolds—or even to add "umph" to a term paper.



New thrifty Duo-Pak holds 2 rolls of Kodak Verichrome Film—one for your camera—one for a spare. In the popular sizes 620, 120, 127.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak





C.0.D.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE WITHIN 10 DAYS

because so many people want your photograph LUXURIOUS, **DOUBLE-WEIGHT, SATIN FINISH** WALLET-SIZE from your graduation portrait oto, snap Illustration reduced from actual size. Friendship Photos are 2½" x 3½", on luxurious double-weight portrait paper, finest satin finish. Give them proudly. Friendship Photos are nice enough to frame. Give all you want. They're low priced for easy giving — to classmates, girl friends, boy friends, neighbors, relatives — every one who wants Use them everywhere. Enclose them with your letters. Use them for college, employment, passor 50 for \$2 port or other applications. Mail Meney-Back Coupon Today. Minimum order, \$1. (Special — 50 Friendship Photos, ordered at one time from one pose, only \$2)—your money back air mail if you're not delighted. from one pose Friendship Photos, Box 8-A, Quincy 69, Mass. Please send me: 🗆 20 Friendship Photos from one pose postpaid. \$1 enclosed ☐ 50 Friendship Photos from one pose postpaid. \$2 enclosed I enclose photo or negative which you will return unharmed. My money back air mail if I'm not delighted. Address City......Zone....State.....
Friendship Photos — division of MAIL-N-SAVE



by JONNI BURKE Drawings by List Wetl



A novel item for all stamp enthusiasts is this mock-gold chain bracelet with three postage-stamp dangles. Created by Coro, it's available at Dennison's, 411 Fifth Avenue, New York City 16 for \$17



Add a touch of gaiety to your table with these salt-and-pepper shakers. Of green glass, they come in a miniature wine basket of raffia. \$1.25 at Serv-U, 829 Washington St., New York City 14



Perk up your wardrobe with some bright spring accessories! These "sew-on" items, backed with felt, are easy to apply. Clock, 50¢; eagle, 75¢; arrow, 85¢. Serv-U, 829 Washington St., New York City 14

* Please add 20% Federal tax

PLEASE SEND ME

HARLEQUINADE @ \$6.98

COLOR

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Six novelty items for giving and getting. Yours for \$3.00 each or less



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1953



he would no doubt lose every sheep in the flock, because Tommy is marooned at Cousin Emmie's with an abscessed ear, and Mother and I couldn't cope with the lambing without help. Mother can't do it, that's for sure, because she has Father on her hands. I'd prefer a flock of sheep to that any day. But, with all his bluster, he is still tops in pops, as you know.

Sandy hasn't asked me to the dance vet, which is giving me a stomach ulcer. I don't think he has asked anybody else so far. He did ask me today to go sledding tomorrow night. The whole crowd is going to climb to the top of the ridge and toboggan down Lonesome Road. It's the next thing to a ski jump, if you remember. I am thrilled and between bouts with the pump, the coal scuttles, the farm animals, and so on, I am knitting like mad to finish a cap to go with my new sweater. It is red with white snow green trees, and reindeers on it. A friend of Cousin Emmie's sent it to her from Norway. Cousin Emmie gave it to me because she is just the opposite of a sweater girl. I can't go sledding, of course, unless Father feels better. But we think he will by then on account of the penicillin and stuff.

Your loving friend, P. Downing

P.S. I've relinquished all hope on the velvet dress. Mother has enough worries without that. Maybe I can borrow Lucy Ellen's new black and look like a slinky siren. I can't wear the pink taffeta again! Last time I wore it, I got stuck for an hour. That dress takes away my self-confidence. Mother doesn't seem to understand that a drizzle of a dress can make you feel like a drip.

Dear Janie:

Father recovered enough so that I could go sledding, My stars! That ride was a killerdiller. It was a perfect night for it. The moon was full and there was no traffic, no noise, no movement—not even clouds moving in the sky. The earth was white and frozen. It felt enchanted—like Sleeping Beauty.

We hiked up to the top of the ridge, which is a good five miles. Benny Brown's aunt lives up there. He had fixed it up with her to give us coffee and doughnuts. It was like feeding a band of timber wolves, but she is fat and jolly and seemed to like having us.

There were eight of us to go down on one long sled. Benny was in front to guide us. When we started down it was terrific, like an express elevator. We all shrieked for joy, but as we neared the bottom we had something else to shriek for. The sled started rocking and lurching from one side of the road to the other; then went over the shoulder into a snow-filled ravine. Lucky for us it was snow-filled, else I'd be sending you signals on a ouija board instead of writing to you.

We all landed in a pile. At first we were dazed. Bill Dexter got a cut over his left eye. Benny's right shoulder was dislocated. The rest of us got away with just bruises and scratches. The other boys righted the sled and we put our two casualties on it and took turns dragging them into town to the doctor's office. Benny was as white as a snowman from the pain and shock. But they are both going to be okay soon.

I guess there won't be any more winter sports around here for a while, because the

parents are scared. Father unluckily heard about the spill, and he laid down the law on sledding.

Your ever-loving friend,

Dear Janie:

Guess what happened last night? I went to the show with Benny, who is still in bandages, and who should be directly in front of us but Evalina and Sandy! I guess there goes my hope of a date for the dance. When they passed us later in the lobby, I pretended not to see them.

It was after eleven when we got home. I tiptoed into the living room to sleep on the sofa. We still have no current; they can't get enough transformers. We call it the Dark Ages. I was wakeful after I lay down, worrying about the dance and what not, which in a way was lucky, because otherwise I would never have heard the sheep bells. When I thought I heard them, I went to the kitchen door, opened it, and stuck my head out into the icy wind to be sure. They were ringing all right-not just tinkling as they do when the sheep are walking around-but ringing fast. I could tell the sheep were running, and I knew then that dogs were after them. It's just the weather for a dog raid.

I ran back to the living room, snatched up my heavy coat and scarf, and pulled my galoshes on over my bedroom slippers. The gun is in Father's room. I didn't want to risk waking him. I knew he would go plunging out, dead or alive, into the blizzard. As I passed the woodpile, I picked up a heavy stick

The barnyard gate was standing wide open, which made me sick. I had promised Father I would latch it every evening after the sheep had come up to be fed. The barn lot has a good, dogproof fence. When the gate is shut, it makes a good sheepfold. I know Father will never believe it—I can't blame him—but I shut that gate at sundown and latched it. One reason I am so sure is that I broke my thumbnail on the latch. I was worried about how it would look at the dance (in case I get a bid).

Outside the gate is the wood-lot pasture. I ran as fast as I could in the direction of the bells. The ground rises there, and it was a solid, glassy sheet of ice. I slipped and slid and fell flat on my face. But finally I scrambled up the hill to where the graveyard is. I could tell that I was close to the sheep. I meant to head them down the hill and into the barn lot. Suddenly they broke out of the cedars into the clearing. As I suspected, three dogs were after them. I started waving my stick and calling "Coo sheepie! Coo sheepie!" It didn't do any good. They were panic-stricken. I swung at the dogs with my stick. It didn't even slow them down. The sheep disappeared into the woods again, running in a big circle.

My teeth began to chatter. To get out of the wind, I backed up against the old hay-stack for shelter. It looked like a big mush-room where the sheep had eaten into it on all sides, as high as they could reach. To thaw my frozen hands I crammed them in my coat pockets and discovered Benny's cigarette lighter which I had picked up after our spill the other night. That gave me a brilliant idea. Stories I had read about pioneers keeping wolves at bay with fire flashed through my mind. I tore off some outer, ice-

crusted layers of the haystack and held the lighter flame to the inside dry hay. It caught, and soon belched up a big cloud of smoke, then a bright sheet of flame. In a few min-

utes the stack was a big torch.

The red glare must have scared off the dogs. Or maybe they had each downed a victim. Anyway, when the frantic sheep came out of the woods again, the dogs were not in sight. By dint of running and hollering and waving my stick, I got the poor things headed toward the barn. I chased them down the hill and when they were inside the barn lot, I shut the gate and latched it. Then I leaned against a gatepost and tried to get my breath. I was shaking like Father from his chill.

And then my heart stood still. A tall man in a heavy overcoat and a cap pulled over his ears was coming toward me from the direction of the house. He was much too slim to be Father. I gave a muffled scream. Then I called out in a shaky voice, "Stop

where you are, or I'll shoot!"

"With what? That stick?" he called out and laughed. It was Sandy. He came loping across the barnyard to me. "I woke up and saw a big blaze over here," he said. "What's

up? Have you turned arsonist?"

I told him about the dogs getting after the sheep and about the gate being open and about setting fire to the haystack. Then I covered my face with my hands and started to bawl. Sandy put his arm around my shoulder and said, "Aw, don't cry. It's over now. Come on to the house. You should have called me in the first place."
"It isn't over yet," I said. "I know there

are some sheep hurt or maybe dead up in the woods. And one might be Snow White.

"Let's go look," Sandy said. He took my hand, turned on his big flashlight, and we trudged up the hill. Since he had on big boots, he didn't slip at all on the ice. We passed the graveyard and went down the slope on the other side. We hadn't gone far before we found two dead sheep and a third one almost dead in some blackberry briers. Sandy pulled a pistol out of his pocket. He said he'd better end its misery. I turned my back and shut my eyes and held my fingers in my ears. It was over in a minute.

At the bottom of the hill, under a beech tree, we found another victim. Sandy said I had probably seen only a few of the dogs; that there must have been others, the real killers, at work while the ones I saw were chasing the flock. He flashed his light around and hissed to me to stay right where I was. He turned off the light and went quietly down the path toward the pond. In a few minutes I heard his gun. When he got back he said, "Well, at least I killed one dog, a big old German police. Maybe the leader. He had a sheep by the throat."
"Already dead?" I asked, and he nodded.

"It might have been little Snow White,"

I moaned.

He shook his head; it was a black-faced sheep. We looked all through the woods, but we didn't find any more sheep. We were approaching the barn from the lower side. Do you remember the big elm tree down there? Well, right along there I heard a feeble bleat. It sounded like Snow White.

Sandy threw his light around in a big circle. I saw her first and ran to her. She was in a little gully, half hidden by a clump of buck bushes. Sandy held the light while I examined her. The dogs had torn off her fleece on one side, and there was a gash on



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her shoulder.

'That's not too bad," Sandy consoled me. "She is all in from running, but she's not badly hurt. You take the light. I'll tote her to the barn." He must be mighty strong, because he picked her up, laid her across his shoulder, and carried her to the barn. We laid her on some clean hay in an empty stall. Then he walked with me to the kitchen door and said, "Get to bed now before you have pneumonia.

"Thanks, Sandy, for helping," I began lamely. Then, like a dope, I started to cry. "Take it easy, Pat," he said, kissed me and

As soon as I got warm I went to sleep. I waked up when Mother came in to kindle the fire. She looked old and cold in the dreary light. I had to tell her, though, so I blurted it out about the sheep.

She wheeled around to face me. "Don't tell me you left that gate open!" she said.

I told her that I was sure I had latched it but somehow it must have been opened. How could it have been opened?" she

said. "You were the last one in from the barn." My spirits were so low I didn't even feel like getting out of bed, but I dressed myself and went to the barn to see about Snow White. When I opened the stall door, she gave me a welcoming bleat. She was standing up, and there on the hay were two newborn lambs. They were alive, but too weak to stand up and suck. I fed Snow White some wheat bran, and I was walking back to the house with a lamb under each arm when Sandy appeared. He said, "Hi, Bo-Peep. Let

me give you a hand."
"I can manage," I told him. "You can feed the flock some hay, if you will.'

Tve been thinking about the gate," he said. "Could be a tramp came along, looking for a hayloft to sleep in, and left it open. I'll look for clues when I'm in the loft.

I stopped stock-still. "Sandy," I said. "If you could prove I didn't leave that gate open, I'd remember you in my will."

I went on to the house and fed the twins and wrapped them in an old, ragged sweater. I think they are going to live. And Snow White is, too. But I can't forget the ones in the woods.

> Your loving friend, P. Downing

Dear Janie:

The blizzard is over, thank goodness for that. And Father is out again, alas. What I mean is that now he is able to be outdoors to oversee the farm. It didn't take him long to discover the missing sheep. When I got home from school today, he called me into his room.

"I thought I told you, Pat, to shut the barn gate every night without fail, and you promised to do it," he said.

I told him I had closed the gate every single night, without fail, and I couldn't understand its being open that night. He said in a withering way, "Dogs are smart animals, Pat, but I never heard of one that could open barnyard gates.

I couldn't keep back the tears, so I hastily left the room. I know I am innocent, but still I can see why everyone is so sure I forgot. I am sunk in misery.

Your loving friend,

P. Downing

Dearest, dear Janie:

Times have changed. I am as happy as a Hottentot's tot! Practically every day, Sandy has been over here, hanging around the barn lot, hunting for a clue. Because he alone was convinced somebody else had left the gate open.

Tonight Father came in the kitchen where I was washing dishes and said, "Pat, it seems apologies are in order." Father is not one who usually apologizes for anything, so I practically fell into the sink. Then he said that Sandy had caught the villain in the act, and who did I think the villain was. Well, of course I didn't know, so he went on, "Melody Queen Bess." That's the name of our new pure-bred, registered Jersey cow. I nearly dropped dead.

"Sandy said he began to suspect her because twice he found the gate open after he had closed it, and she was outside grazing on the hill. Today he caught her lifting the latch with her nose. That's just a little too smart to suit me. I'm going to sell her, blueblooded as she is. I won't put up with that.'

Well, the first minute I could, I went to the phone and called Sandy. "You've practically saved my life," I said, "and I don't know how to thank you."

Don't mention it," he said. "Glad to

oblige. How are the twins?"
"Fine as silk," I told him. "What do you think of naming them Zero and Hero?" He approved the idea. At feeding time, he came over to inspect them. I still give them milk out of bottles because it's such fun to watch them shake their tails with joy while they drink it. After that we went into the living room to listen to Mario Lanza sing. It was cozy in there with the lights on, and the fire burning and the radio playing. Nothing at all like the blizzard.

Sandy told me he had been sort of off me lately because he thought I was getting high-hat. (Where he got that idea, I can't for my life imagine.) But when he saw me racing around in a blizzard after a bunch of sheep, he decided my heart was still in the right place.

Just as he was leaving, he asked me if I would go with him to the dance, just as casually as if he had not kept me on the anxious seat three weeks. Boys are the limit, don't you agree?

Now if I can get my dream dress, everything will be wonderful. It's still there, and reduced ten percent besides. I mentioned that to Mother tonight. She didn't say yes or no.

Your ever-loving friend,

Dearest Ianie:

I got the velveteen! I wore it to the dance and it was a wow. I never have had so much luck in my life.

I made a trade with Father that when Hero and Zero are big enough to sell, I'll turn them over to him in payment for the dress. After all, he furnishes the feed, and I only put in the work of raising them. He was very willing and Mother said it was a good trade for both of us.

Sandy just loves the dress because it's red. The weather has turned over a new leaf. We seem to be going to have an early spring. Today on our lawn there was a great flock of blackbirds. They were whirling and rising and settling to the ground like black leaves in a high wind. I guess it takes a blizzard to make you realize how fine spring is. I have never been so happy.

Your ever-loving friend,

Pat Downing

THE END

Don't Look Now!

(Continued from page 21)

canny glamour hint. Because even if you are coiffed and costumed to perfection, you can still destroy the whole effect with one unsightly gesture. Who can appreciate your smooth coiffure or your suave ensemble when you're making an itching, twitching, hitching spectacle of yourself? But if you handle yourself in a serene, unruffled manner, your simplest outfit will wear an air of poise and elegance.

How can you control those nervous or self-conscious tricks that seem to be the trade-mark of many teensters? Well, the most important and the most painful part of the process is seeing them in yourself. Bad habits aren't half so hard to lose when you admit you have them . . . and why. The rest is a matter of reminding yourself repeatedly during the day of the things you want not to do. Write out notices if necessary, and post them on your dressing table, in your notebook, and elsewhere, until you find that you are improving.

Somebody has said that constant vigilance is the price of poise, but that is true only in the beginning. Fortunately for all of us, good habits can become as easy and automatic as bad ones. All you have to do is give them a good head start. It's all up to you!

Here, to help you mend your mannerisms, is our own check list of unattractive habits (perhaps you'll have a few of your own to add):

Chewing, gnawing, nibbling, sucking and otherwise mouthing miscellaneous objects such as pencils, goggles, pearl necklaces, or your own knuckles and fingernails. (If you really require some dental exercise, try to take it out on pumpernickel or carrot sticks or steak—at mealtimes.)

Scratching, picking, pulling at any portion of the anatomy. (If your scalp or your skin really itch, step up the frequency of your ablutions. If you just have nervous fingers, try some simple device such as holding a hanky or book tightly and resolutely in your hands while you're talking.)

Hitching, hiking, tugging, tucking and otherwise rearranging items of wearing apparel. (Choose simple, wearable clothing in the first place; be sure it's in perfect working order when you put it on, and then try to forget it!)

Public primping. (If you arrange your hair in a practical and appropriate style, you won't need to take repeated sneak-peeks at your compact mirror, or poke and pin it publicly. Same goes for make-up.)

Tapping, snapping, humming, drumming and all other avoidable noises made with feet or fingers or vocal chords. (Stop and listen once in a while and see if you've left your motor running!)

THE END

ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

Give The American Girl at least six weeks' notice, so as not to miss any issues. Be sure to send your old as well as your new address to The American Girl, 155 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17.



CURTIS . STEPHENS . EMBRY CO., INC., READING, PENNSYLVANIA



SOUTH SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS: I get so excited when my AMERICAN GIRL magazine arrives. I read each copy over and over again. I just love the beautiful fashions. The Girl Scout section is one of my favorites, because I am a Girl Scout. I belong to Troop 10.

I especially enjoyed the little story and advertisement in the January issue which was called "Sally Learns to Cut a Fancy Figure." I didn't know how to make a figure eight and so it was of great interest to me. Figure skating is my favorite sport.

Beverley Nims (age 12)

STILLORGAN, DUBLIN: I have just read the December issue of The American Girl which was loaned to me by my friend. It is not possible to buy it in this country, which I think is a great pity. How I would love to read other wonderful stories like Christmas Angel every month, and gaze longingly at those adorable dresses one can buy in America. I have never been outside Ireland, but every year our family goes on a caravan holiday to Kilkee in Southwest Ireland. How about an article on an Irish teen-ager?

LIZABETH KELLY (age 17)

ROCHELLE PARK, NEW JERSEY: A Penny for the Guy was exceptionally good. From the Sketchbook of Jo Spier was also very good.

In fact, your whole magazine is tops.

I love the patterns. Two of my dresses have been made from AMERICAN GIRL patterns and a third is being made.

How about having some more stories about careers such as telephone operators? PAULA RIDERL (age 12)

TORRINGTON, CONNECTICUT: Your article Fish Tale was very helpful. It gave me many ideas on care of fish. The Recipe Exchange came in very handy and gave me a wonderful idea for a valentine party. I wish you would put in more crossword puzzles.

MARY JANE KUCERA (age 13)

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS: I just read the February AMERICAN GIRL, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Fish Tale was my favorite because I am trying to start a tropical fish collection. I found the article very helpful. I also enjoyed Foreigner! and A Penny for the Guy. Speaking of Movies helps my family and myself many times in deciding which movie to see.

MARGARET ROBERTA REMING (age 16)

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI: Congratulations on the January issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL!!! I've never seen or read a teen-ager's magazine like it. Your good-grooming articles and the fashions are very helpful to me, and to many other girls I'm sure.

Your stories are super, and though I am not a Girl Scout in Haiti, I used to be one in Portland, Oregon, so I enjoy All Over the Map. It is too bad there is not a Girl Scout troop for the American girls in Haiti. The articles that get my vote are the stories on

"teen-agers . . . foreign style." During my two years in Haiti I have learned French fairly well, and of course I've learned Creole like a native. It is fun to learn different languages.

ANN COLLETT (age 13)

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I just must congratulate you on A Penny for the Guy and Foreigner! They were super. And 'Ware Falcon! is really keen. I can hardly wait for the cli-max. It seems so long until I receive each issue, but when it comes the first thing I look for is fashions. Congratulations on your February cover. It was just beautiful.

KAREN VAUGHN (age 12)

HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND: THE AMERICAN GIRL is one of the best Christmas presents I have ever had. My pen pal in New York has sent in a subscription to it for a year for me. Your cover for January is beautiful. I hope you have more like it.

By You and Books are both excellent and I also like very much your fashions for teenagers. Good luck to your magazine!

MARGARET ANDERSON (age 15)

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK: I would like you to know that not only your fashions come in handy, but the hair styles that your cover girls wear as well. My hair is cut and curled exactly like your July 1952 cover girl, painted by Pruett Carter, and I love it.

SANDY HUFF (age 14)

JUBBULPORE, INDIA: This is a letter from an American girl in India. I have so enjoyed your magazine for five years, since before I left America to come to India with my parents, who are missionaries, and four younger brothers. At present I am on our three months' school vacation, from December through February. Our school year in Woodstock School, which is located in northern India in the Himalayan mountains, is from March through November, thus we escape the hot weather by being in the Himalayas during the hot summer months.

There are a number of American girls at Woodstock who get your magazine and everyone enjoys it very much-especially the recipes and cute stories. Keep it up!

MARIANNA PRESLER (age 16)

FORT MONMOUTH, NEW JERSEY: As you may have noticed, this letter is from an Army post. That is because I am an Army "brat.

This is where your wonderful magazine comes in. For the past three years I have been in Germany. Your magazine showed me what was happening to teen-agers in the U.S. Since we were so far away THE AMER-ICAN GIRL came about half a month late, but that didn't matter. It still kept us in touch with you.

I especially enjoyed your article in the February issue, Ambassador Abroad. The information is as true as it can be. One of the Army slogans is, "A country is known by its people. What people think of your country depends on YOU." Many thanks for your magazine, from me and all the Army girls who take it all around the world.

NANCY SCHAUDT (age 14)

CLEONA, PENNSYLVANIA: I really enjoyed your two stories Foreigner! and A Penny for the Guy. Your serial 'Ware Falcon! is wonderful. Your fashions are always dreamy. They are so inexpensive and suit my eighthgrade budget just right. Your patterns are keen, too. I enjoy sewing and use your pat-terns very much. I liked the section From the Sketchbook of Jo Spier.

I am not a Girl Scout but always enjoy reading All Over the Map. The article A World of Inspiration helped me immensely in preparing for my entrance in your Na-

tional Subteen Design Contest.

JOAN HONAFINS (age 13)

MER ROUGE, LOUISIANA: I've been in bed five months and I've four more to go. When I was well I went to the Mer Rouge high school. Your section By You is very nice and I sent in a poem for the May issue.

I love animals, especially horses, and my greatest ambition is to be a public hospital nurse. I play the piano and love ballet. Your *Jokes* are fine and the stories are tops. My parents approve of your magazine more than any I've ever received. Your fashions and tips on beauty are very helpful. SHERRY SISSON (age 14)

NORTH CANTON, OHIO: I especially enjoyed Foreigner! You're in the Limelight was very helpful. I always enjoy the photographs in the By You section. I'm not a Girl Scout any more but I still enjoy reading All Over the Map. Internationally Speaking by Eleanor L. Thomas was very interesting. Let's have more articles on television, as my ambition is to become a television directress in Cleveland.

MARY LOU NELIUS (age 14)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

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These square-dance couples are eager to frolic their way right onto your cottons and rayons. Just iron them on and see how they'll brighten up last year's wardrobe. They're washable! Printed on linen towels or simple aprons, they make unusual Mother's Day gifts.

Pattern 7250: four motifs in three colors cherry-pie red, blueberry, and maize, 5 x 61/2 inches. For each pattern send twenty-five cents (in coin) to: American Girl, Needlecraft Service, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Add five cents if you wish first-class mailing. Send twenty cents for complete Needlecraft Catalogue.

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on page 22

Check pattern number and size and enclose correct amount (30 ϕ in coin) for each pattern.

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A leisurely walk to the gang's favorite hangout for a soda? Not for this girl! She only wants to travel in taxis to the most expensive dance spots. No wonder she stays home

alone so much!

This girl makes everything a dark problem, but she really hits her gloom stride on her monthly days. She'd be a lot happier if only she'd get hep to that wise little book "Growing Up and Liking It."



Send today for free Modess Book! Every teen can profit from "Growing Up and Liking It." This helpful little booklet tells you all the facts you want to know about menstruation. And it gives you tips on health, beauty and poise, as well. There's no charge. "Growing Up and Liking It" is a present to you from the makers of Modess-the softer, more reassuring napkin.

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Please send me in plain wrapper, a free copy of "Growing Up and Liking It." (Good only in U.S.A. and Canada.)

(PLEASE PRINT)

P.O._

"I got my first raise today"

"So soon, Sally? Seems like you only started working at the phone company a short while ago."

"It hasn't been very long—time goes fast when you like your job. And this is only the first of a lot of regular raises.

My salary was good to start with and it'll keep on getting better!"

"You really have a good job, Sally.

Lucky your cousin told you about telephone work!"



Bell Telephone System

There may be a telephone job waiting for you!



Easter Brunch

(Continued from page 16)

yeast in lukewarm water and add to first mixture. Beat egg and add. Add flour gradually and mix to a soft dough. Knead on lightly floured board until smooth. Shape into ball and place in large, greased bowl. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk-about one hour. Punch down dough and fold into the center. Turn out on lightly floured board. Pinch off small pieces and roll with palms of hands to form ropes % inch thick and about 10 inches long. To shape bunnies, tie ropes of dough in loose knots, bringing ends straight up to form ears. Press in raisins for eyes. Brush rolls with melted shortening. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven (425°) 12 to 15 minutes, or until brown. Frost fronts of ears with white or pink confectioners' sugar glaze.

Confectioners' Sugar Glaze:

1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar 1 egg white

Put sugar in a bowl, add vanilla, and the egg white, slightly beaten. Blend well to make a frosting thin enough to spread.

For another hot bread, try these delicious muffins.

APPLE-BUTTER MUFFINS

2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup milk
2 cup sifted flour
1/2 cup apple butter
1/2 cup apple butter
1/2 cup apple butter
1/2 cup paple
1/2 cup apple
1/2

Have all ingredients at room temperature. Measure flour, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine nuts and raisins in a small bowl. Add ½ cup of the flour mixture and stir well. Add apple butter to soda and mix. The mixture will foam and make about 1 cup. Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly. Add apple-butter mixture and the egg, and mix well. Add the remaining flour, alternately with the milk, mixing well. Stir in nuts and raisins. Fill well-greased muffin pans half full, and bake in hot oven (400°) about 20 minutes, or until lightly browned. Makes about 24 small. or 12 large, muffins.

small, or 12 large, muffins.

Pat Hogan, of Chatham, New Jersey, says these are her favorite muffins. In making them, you can shorten dishwashing chores by using paper baking cups which can be bought at the dime store.

"My Sunday school class made these cakes for a party," writes Judy Myall of Bay City, Texas, "and everyone loved them." For an Easter brunch you might arrange a tray of these colorful cakes as a centerpiece. Serve them for dessert when the time comes.

EASTER-EGG CAKES

Bake as many cupcakes as you think you will need, using your favorite recipe or a prepared mix. When the cakes are cool. frost them with white or yellow-tinted 7-minute frosting. Then, with green-tinted coconut, make a grass nest on top of each cake and fill each one with jelly beans.

To tint the coconut, put 1% cups of coconut in a quart jar with a tight lid. Mix 1 teaspoon water with a few drops of vegetable coloring and pour over the coco-

nut. Close lid tightly and shake the jar vigorously until coloring is absorbed and coconut evenly colored.

The Ham-Corn Fritters which Kathleen Spooner of Detroit, Michigan, likes very much would be fine for a late brunch. We suggest juice for the first course; then serve the fritters, with a cooked vegetable if you wish. You might finish with a fruit salad and a hot beverage, or serve fruit and cookies for dessert.

HAM-CORN FRITTERS

- 1½ cups sifted flour
 2 teaspoons baking
 powder
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon dry mustard
 2 eggs, slightly beaten
 2 tablespoons melted
 butter or margarine
 1½ cups chopped
 cooked ham
 1½ cups drained,
 whole-kernel corn
- ½ eggs, slight

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Measure sifted flour, add baking powder, salt, and mustard. Sift again. Beat eggs and combine with milk and shortening. Add to dry ingredients and mix only until all flour is dampened. Stir in ham and corn. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls into deep, hot fat (365°) and cook 3 to 4 minutes, turning once to brown both sides. Serve hot, plain or with cheese sauce. Makes about 30 fritters.

As a dessert for your late brunch, try the Ginger Peaches for which Karen Faller of Donora, Pennsylvania, has sent the recipe. Karen says that her Home Ec. class made them, and they serve them as a salad as well as a dessert.

GINGER PEACHES

12 canned peach halves 1 egg
Juice of 1 lemon
3 tablespoons butter or margarine gingersnaps
4 cup sugar Peach juice

Arrange peaches, cavity side up, in lightly buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice. Cream butter until soft. Add sugar, egg, and salt. Cream until fluffy. Stir in gingersnaps. Fill cavities of peaches with this mixture, heaping it up in the centers. Pour about ½ cup juice around the peaches. Bake in hot oven (400°) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve warm.

Cooking Cues:

Always read a recipe through carefully before you begin. Then do first things first. Preheat the oven, so that it will be the correct temperature when you are ready to use it. If pans are to be greased, do this next. Then assemble all the other utensils and ingredients you will need. Now you're ready to start in an orderly fashion. Follow the directions given in your recipe for mixing and cooking. Remember, short cuts on your own mean trouble, unless you are a very experienced cook.

The Next "Recipe Exchange" Subject:

For the July issue we would like recipes for dishes to be served at family meals out of doors—in the back yard, on the porch, at a picnic, or whatever type of outdoor meal your family enjoys. If you have a favorite recipe for a special dish for such meals, or a different way of cooking and serving old stand-bys, send it in. All recipes must be on the announced subject, and for each one printed in the magazine we will pay \$1. See page 47 for rules.



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IF YOUR DATE COMES TO DINNER, SHOULD HE HELP WITH THE DISHES?

You can make your own rules about this. If you're going to an 8:30 show, and it's



8:15...what do you think? If Mother excuses you ... would you insist?

But...if it's a habit in your house for you to help, there's no reason why your date shouldn't lend a hand. Chances are, he'll prefer the kitchen informality to sitting in the living room, carrying on a starched-collar conversation with Dad.

So now, while you're both in the kitchen, grab the chance to show him what a wise homebody you are. Use tricks like S.O.S. An S.O.S. scouring pad does the dirty work...pots

soap is right in the pad.

Wasn't that easy? He probably even enjoyed it (with, of course, the help of S.O.S.!)

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Contest News

A column to keep you informed on design-contest news from all over the country

by PAT DI SERNIA, Fashion Editor

LASH-FLASH-FLASH-We're bubbling over with the most exciting news. Arrangements have finally been completed to fly the four national first-prize winners and their chaperons to New York City, where they will attend a trade and press luncheon to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria on May 21st. This exciting three-day trip will be completely cost-free, for the winners and their chaperons will be the guests of The American Girl Magazine and the four associated manufacturers: Lortogs, Little Empress, Joseph Love, Inc., and Regal Knitwear. And they will stay at the Statler Hotel, so keep your fingers crossed, we may be seeing YOU!!!

Margaret Arlen, glamorous CBS Television star, is shown below with Patsy Sadowsky of Great Neck, L. I.; your reporter; Wendy Sempfs and Carolyn Hurley of Rutherford, N. J., Troop 29. We made a guest appearance on Miss Arlen's show March 3rd, and the girls told about their designs and showed samples of items they

had made. Both Wendy and Carolyn were wearing alternate uniforms which they had made as a troop project. Patsy brought along two gifts, a beautiful apron and a beaded belt. After the telecast, they took their designs to their local stores and now they're holding their breaths to see what happens.

Barbara Bennett, Youth Consultant of Thalhimer's in Richmond, Va. sent us a wonderful picture taken at their "Design Contest Workshop," which was held in the store auditorium. Invitations were sent to girls on their mailing list, and others were informed via an ad in the local paper. Despite a heavy rainstorm the auditorium was crowded with AMERICAN GIRL readers, teachers, and the supervisor of home economics. Pink and white tables were provided for working space. Barbara explained the rules and answered all questions. Most of the girls stayed until one o'clock, when the auditorium was cleared for another group. Congratulations, Barbara, on a job well done and good luck to your contestants.

Margaret Arlen, lovely CBS television star, and your reporter chat with Patsy Sadowsky of Great Neck, L.I., Wendy Sempfs and Carolyn Hurley of Troop 29, Rutherford, N.J. during a guest appearance on Miss Arlen's television show





Examples of different design categories are modeled in the auditorium of Thalhimer's Dept. Store, Richmond, Va., during a "Design Contest Workshop." This was directed by Barbara Bennett, Youth Consultant, who held two complete sessions





Headline News in Girl Scouting



"HOW CAN WE HELP?" cabled the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. to the Girl Guides in England, Belgium, and Holland as soon as radio and TV brought word of the disastrous floods in Europe.

In answer, The Netherlands cabled that there was urgent need of camp-kitchen equipment and money with which to replace clothing and uniforms. National Headquar-ters immediately cabled a gift of \$2500 from the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund. At the same time, the National Equipment Service swung into action. Within thirty-six hours camp-kitchen equipment sufficent to care for three hundred people was assembled, packed in cases, and aboard a plane on its way to Holland. KLM Royal Dutch Airlines carried the shipment free of charge, and distribution was made through the Red Cross in The Netherlands. What the gifts meant to the Girl Guides of that stricken country is best told in a letter recently received at the Girl Scout National Headquarters, from The Netherlands Guides Association:

"We really cannot tell how grateful we are for the great help. In these days of disaster and sorrow it is so good to meet the real sisterhood of our movement all over the world! It will interest you, no doubt, that we also received a letter of sympathy and real help from your Girl Scout troops in Germany and Austria. Miss Moninger has sent us \$25.00 and asked what the Girl Scouts there could do for us.

"Will you please express our warmest wishes of friendship and gratitude to our sisters in the U.S.A.? Thanks for your pray-

ers, for your help, your friendship and sympathy."

struck her country, a Girl Guide of Arnhem, Holland, wrote a letter to this department which is of special interest now. She said:

"Dear Girl Scout Sisters in America: I am a Girl Guide in Holland and as I got a subscription to The American Girl from my pen pal in America, I have read many articles about Scouting in America and other parts of the world, and I enjoyed them very much. So I thought other Scouts would like to hear something about Scouting in Holland.

"In my country troops don't have a number, but a name. Our troop is called the Geusen troop. Our uniform is navy blue with four pockets. We wear a light-blue tie, a white whistle cord, and a navy-blue cap. Every Saturday afternoon we have a troop meeting in our clubhouse. There we learn to make knots, signal with the Morse System, make bandages, play, and sing. Sometimes we have patrol meetings.

"In the summer holidays we have a camp. Last summer we camped a week. We biked to our camp, which was not far from Arnhem. We had to bike for two hours. When we arrived we must rise our tents and when we were doing so, it began to rain cats and dogs. But never mind, we had to rise the tents. When we had finished, the sun shone



Courtesy KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
Camp kits sent by Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. to the
Holland Guides are checked before shipment

again. Then we made a kitchen, some washing cubicles, and lats. In the evening we went to bed early.

"Every morning we rose at seven and had gymnastics. After breakfast and colors we played or made a walk. At eleven, one patrol began to cook and at one o'clock we had dinner. In the afternoon, after rest hour, we walked, played, biked and so on. When it was raining we all sat in one tent and sang. In the evening we mostly had a campfire, which I like very much. After a week we went home. It was a very fine camp.

"I hope you see now how Scouting in Holland is."

WHEN BRIGHT spring days lure Green Bay, Wisconsin, Girl Scouts out to their troop campsite, they will have good reason to be proud of the bridge-building accomplishments of a group of Senior Girl Scouts and Explorer Boy Scouts. The campsite is crossed by a lovely creek—lovely to look at, but cold and damp to wade across. So Senior Girl Scouts of Troops 51 and 99 of the Bay Area Council, and Explorer Scouts of the Nicolet Boy Scout Council turned bridge builders—and, incidentally, had a wonderful time.

Under the supervision of the Explorer Scout leader, the Boy Scouts split and sawed old poles donated by the Wisconsin





In mobcaps and aprons over their uniforms, Girl Scouts of Fairfax County, Virginia, rehearse a colonial scene for their annual festival Telephone Company, and constructed a rustic span across the troublesome stream. The Girl Scouts cooked outdoor meals for the workers, and helped to carry and set

the poles in place.

The result? Fun for all; the Explorers completed an engineering structure requirement; the Seniors did a real service for their Council's troop-camp committee; and Girl Scout campers can now use a sturdy, attractive bridge which fits beautifully into its surroundings.

IN BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, work on the Home Nurse badge led Troop 2-111 into one of its most rewarding experiences. At the suggestion of the local Visiting Nurse Association, the troop helped with the Visiting Nurses' annual party for orthopedic children. Some of these children never leave their homes except to attend this party. Many come with the help of parents, but others have to be brought by Red Cross ambulance. Troop 2-111 helped to address invitations, and on the day of the party Boy and Girl Scouts helped bring the chldren to the Association's headquarters and to take them home again.

At the party, Boy and Girl Scouts also served refreshments and helped with the Punch and Judy show, the movies, and the singing. One of the nicest things about the party was the entertainment put on by some of the handicapped children themselves.

"WHERE CAN WE MEET to practice outdoor activities?" was the question before a Pueblo, Colorado, Girl Scout troop. Then, "Let's use a vacant lot," suggested one of the girls, and the idea was seized upon with enthusiasm.

The girls found a suitable lot and with the help of their leader contacted the owner and people living around the lot. When all the necessary permissions had been secured, they set to work with a will. They spent several days with rakes and hoes, clearing away trash and weeds. One of the neighbors offered her garage for storing their equipment. Members of the police department

Photo by Harold C. Furlong

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Girl Scouts of Brooklyn, New York, enjoy the fun too as they help entertain handicapped children at a party given by the Visiting Nurse Association

A sturdy rustic bridge built by Boy and Girl Scouts of Green Bay, Wisconsin, at the Girl Scout troop camp makes creek-crossing easy



brought wood for the campfires, and large logs for the girls to use as seats. The lot is now the scene of many outdoor activitiescookouts, outdoor crafts and badge work. Inspired by the success of this project, other Girl Scout troops in the city have taken over similar lots for outdoor activities.

A citywide contest to name the Girl Scout Lodge in City Park was another project of the Pueblo Girl Scouts. Blanks were sent to all Girl Scout troops in the city, and the troops were asked to tell why they chose the name they suggested. Five local businessmen and women actively interested in the Girl Scout program were the judges. They chose Sunshine Lodge as the most appropriate name, and a local firm furnished an attractive sign, free of charge.

Each year the Pueblo Girl Scouts carry out a Twelfth Night "burning of the greens" at Sunshine Lodge. Girl Scouts, their families, and people from all over the city bring their Christmas trees and holiday greens to the Lodge. A huge pile is made in a carefully cleared area. The chief of the Pueblo fire department lights the fire, and members of the department, with the help of the Girl

Scouts, keep it under control. A highlight of the affair is the fine community singing as the fragrant

A FESTIVAL which began six years ago as a small outdoor gathering at the Arlington Girl Scout camp has become an annual event in Fairfax County, Virginia. The 1952 Festival of the Fairfax County Girl Scouts was the largest and most successful of all. People from all over the area crowded Specker Field House at Fort Belvoir to witness the pageant showing events of colonial Fairfax County from 1642 to 1742.

With pantomime and dancing, groups of Girl Scouts pictured the days of the Indians and the early settlers; other groups presented scenes from plantation days, such as Colonel William Fairfax teaching surveying to young George Washington. There were spinning and quilting scenes; groups re-enacting schoolroom scenes from colonial days; singing and dancing groups.

One of the most colorful numbers was an international parade of over one hundred Girl Scouts, dressed in costumes of many foreign lands,

in honor of Juliette Low. The presentation of five and ten year pins is a feature of this annual gathering of the Girl Scouts.

Community participation is an important part of the festival. Boy Scouts serve as ushers, and other local groups help with the many details of the affair.

FROM FAIRFAX we go to Surry County, Virginia-quite a journey in the horseback and stagecoach days, but only a matter of hours today. Surry County, rich in historical lore, lies just across the James River from Jamestown Island, site of the first permanent white settlement in North America. So it was quite natural that when Girl Scout Troop 1 was organized in that county, they chose Pocahontas as the name for their troop.

The girls are justifiably proud of their meeting place. After the troop was organized, the problem of where to meet was a troublesome one. Then their leader came home from a visit to Dobbs Ferry, New York. There a friend had shown her the delightful meeting place which she and her Mariner Scout troop had made from a dreary basement room. It had given the leader from Virginia an idea. Why not convert the unused chicken house in her back yard into a meeting place for her troop?

The girls saw no reason why not, and lost no time in setting to work. Parents and friends helped with advice, paint, and an assist on some of the more difficult labor. Almost before they could say "Captain John Smith!" Troop Pocahontas had a bright and shining, spic-and-span meeting place.

"SERVICE TO OTHERS" was the basis of an important part of the winter activities of Troop 1 in Gloversville, South Carolina. As one of their first projects they made and filled friendship bags for needy children in Korea. Another project was col-lecting new, or good used clothing for their "adopted" mission in Pusan, Korea. And for an at-home community service, they made candy-filled tray favors for men in the Camp Gordon Army Hospital.

New skills were gained when the girls made wooden kitchen-memorandum plaques as gifts for their mothers. The girls had fun as they worked together cutting, sanding, and finishing the wood; decorating the plaques with their own individual designs.

It has been a rewarding experience, through which the troop has learned the joy of doing for others.

Back-Yard Fun

Make your own weather bureau—you can read Nature's handwriting in sky and clouds and



ome grumpy people can always be heard complaining about the weather—as if Nature ought to consult them before she decides to have sun or rain, or heat or cold, or wind or snow. "Look at that downpour, just when we're starting out for a hike!" you hear them groan. Of course, the really smart ones do it the other way. They study Nature and get to know her so well they seem to be able to read her mind.

The safety of many people who travel by ship or plane depends on the official weatherman. He is really a meteorologist, able to chart and forecast the course of the weather all around the globe. He knows that Nature is not so erratic as she seems, and that the sort of weather that turns up at any one time or in any one spot is the result of a

process that is going on everywhere. The weatherman is a scientist, with a great deal more knowledge than the farmer, who often can predict local weather.

You, too, can learn to do local forecasting. Many Girl Scout troops have started a weather bureau of their own. It's like a game—you have to learn the rules in order to make a good score. But it's plenty of fun when a group works at it.

Your weather bureau should be where you have a good view of the sky. You need a barometer, a compass or weathervane, a pair of sunglasses, a thermometer, and some handmade muslin weather flags which you can fly to make known your forecasts.

With your equipment and a little practice, you will soon be able to find the wind's

Try sharing the big adventure of reading-start a group lending library and combine it

AIR WEATHER means more time in the out of doors for all of us. Some of it we'll spend in games and hikes—but there is always the quiet time when a book is our best friend.

Girl Scouts often get started ahead of summer vacations preparing for their outdoor reading. Their troop leader may write to the Program Department, Girl Scout Headquarters, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York, for a free copy of "Good Books Are Great Friends." It's a book list for Girl Scout readers, giving the best books for Brownies, Intermediates, and Seniors.

The troop or a patrol should also visit the public library and get the librarian's advice in developing a summer reading plan for the whole group. Her suggestions often spark some interest that they decide to carry through together, at least for part of their reading time.

One troop set up its own lending library, with each girl contributing one or more books. The librarian helped them work out a system for keeping track of the books, and rules for borrowers, which they presented to the whole troop for approval.

From starting such a group bookshelf, it's an easy step to an outdoor reading circle. You can have fun reading a play aloud, getting ready to produce it together in the fall. Older girls can collect a young audience and have a real story-telling hour.

An important service project came out of

these activities for a Girl Scout troop last summer. The girls put a collection of children's books in the trunk of a car and went to visit a new neighborhood where the families were all living in trailers. There they held a story hour and then loaned the youngsters the books they had brought, charging them out on cards as in a public library. Once a week they returned, exchanged the books, told stories.

Each of us likes at times to be alone with a book under a shady tree, enjoying the luxury of a good romance, a trip to foreign shores, a mystery, or a history tale. An hour or so spent that way is refreshing and makes us appreciate our friends more. Solitude outdoors is worth trying.

You can work a miracle with seeds—but be sure to plan and plant your garden carefully



HAT IS SO exciting as making a garden grow? And a garden is something that you can make fit your own particular tastes. It can be big or small—it can be vegetables or flowers. It can be outdoors, or even in a window box.

For a back-yard garden a good size is about ten by twelve feet. Select a small section of the yard—a corner, a place by the steps, a strip along the fence, and see what you can do with it. Before you do any planting, make a plan on paper, drawing it to scale—say one-quarter inch to a foot. Study seed catalogues and decide what you are going to plant. Allow the proper spaces between the rows on the plan. Learn when each thing should be planted and how; when it will flower and what color it will

be. If you like, your plan may include trees and shrubs as well as flowers and vegetables.

Once you start planting, be sure to keep the site weeded. Spray or dust the plants against destructive insects and plant discases. You can get help with your garden from seed catalogues, garden magazines, your county agent or local garden club.

Now that you are a gardener, you will find pleasure in arranging flowers and cooking vegetables in new ways, too.

The window box can be useful even if you plan to have a garden in the back yard. Raise some of your plants and vegetables from seed on a sunny window sill. Plant a bean seed and watch it sprout. After it has its first two foliage leaves, pull it out carefully and see the roots and root hairs.

by MARIE E. GAUDETTE

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predict sunshine or storms

direction and estimate its speed. These and the changes in air temperature will enable you to make a forecast for the day. The mercury barometer, which you can make yourself, records air density. The rapidity of a storm's approach and its intensity can be judged by the fall of the barometer. Of course, you will study the clouds too, learning which mean fair weather rain or snow.

ing which mean fair weather, rain, or snow. The "Weather Handbook," published by the Girl Scouts, will help you start a weather bureau. It explains how to make a weathervane and a barometer and what you need to know about weather. Write to National Equipment Service, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York, and ask for Catalog No. 19-503, sending 25 cents to cover the cost.

with an outdoor book circle



so a good harvest may grow

These are what anchor it and take in nourishment from the soil. The stem carries the nourishment to the leaves, where with the help of sun and light it is made into food the plant uses or stores. Plant other kinds of seeds and compare their appearance after they have two foliage leaves.

What to plant in a garden will differ in different parts of the country, depending on climate, soil, and other conditions. If you need more help than you can get near home, write to the county agent at your county seat for a list of pamphlets on the kind of garden you are starting.

A group of girls may work together on a single back-yard garden. Or each may have a garden. Then there are visits back and forth and the fun of comparing results.







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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The first bottle must break be cheerfully refunded. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Send only

'Ware Falcon!

(Continued from page 15)

A burst of sound shattered her despairing thoughts. She wrapped her dark cloak carefully about her and peered through the bal-ustrade. A cavalcade was sweeping over the mountains—a dazzling stream of banners, plumes, golden chains, and jeweled harnesses spilling down the slopes. The invaders rode up to the palace gates, just below her. Then a group of trumpeters, silver-clad, darted forward like glittering dragonflies. Raising their trumpets, they blew a blast. Before the walls of Jericho, Chiara thought, and struck her fists against the coping.

Then kettledrums beat a maddening

rhythm. Sunlight flamed from thousands of glittering spears, lances, shields, and helmets. Horses' hoofs, gold-shod, caught the light, sending it rippling along the ground in chains of fire. At the head of the column, on a charger hung with gold, a huge figure in golden mail rode alone. All about him red and yellow uniforms; red and yellow plumes and banners tossed like an angry sea.

From the gates directly below issued a little group. Somber, silent, clad in black, they walked to meet the conqueror. The magistrates of Urbino were carrying the keys of the city, symbol of its subjection to the tyrant. Urbino had surrendered.

Borgia did not take the keys himself. A man behind him rode forward to accept the great silver bowl in which they lay. rebecs and trumpets, drums and clarinets tore the air with a shriek of victory. The magistrates drew back, and Borgia and his

army rode into the palace.
For a moment Chiara stood frozen with rage and sorrow. Then her mind cleared. Now was her chance to help herself and Alba. For a short time everyone would be gathered in the courtyard or the Great Hall. Now was the time to get more medicine, food, clothing. Stealing down, she found the door to her apartments still securely bolted. She snatched bedding, medicines, food from shelves and cabinets and piled them on the secret stairs. She looked longingly at the beautiful millefleur tapestry, but it was too heavy and too securely fastened to the wall for her to move. Back and forth she rushed. The shelves were almost empty when she heard rising from the Great Stairs the hum of voices, the tramp of marching feet-the soldiers were entering the palace! She fled back to the secret stairs and fastened the panel.

When at last she had all her precious supplies in the tower room, she was exhausted. But she crept down again-like a trapped mouse, she thought grimly. The walls seemed ready to crush her as she followed the palm-tree signs to the peepholes of the Great Hall. When she looked down into the Hall, rage filled her whole mind again. Cesare Borgia, in his golden armor decked with blood-red plumes and ribbons, was striding about the room shouting, "Down with all their trappings!" Men tore at the velvet hangings encrusted with the Montefeltri arms. "But these Trojan War tapestries," Borgia brandished his sword at the wall below her, and Chiara saw his face beneath the golden visor. Hawklike, cruel, with ice-blue eyes so piercingly bright she involuntarily moved back from the spyhole. When she looked again, he was seating himself on the ducal throne.

"Pack those to go first," he was directing

a man in secretary's dress. "There's nothing like those tapestries in all the world. Have them packed with care! Now," he struck the arm of the throne, "for your orders. You have the list of those to be seized as hostages.

The secretary quickly handed him a

parchment.

"Good! First, the Abbess, sister to Montefeltro. I shall give myself the pleasure

of taking her."

Chiara clutched the wall. The Abbess would be a prisoner! And Donna Eleonora . . . the others . . . how narrow her own escape! Far better to be a mouse in the wall than at the mercy of this tyrant. Perhaps, like a mouse, she could do some damage before she was caught.

Cesare's voice rose savagely as he accepted another list. He struck at it with his mailed fist. "Ah-the rascals who let our plans be known. But for them, I would have captured Guidobaldo, and the young one, Francesco, would be dead, leaving no pretender to this throne. Well, cross off the first name, this Pier Antonio. He's the rogue I disposed of in the courtyard. A bungler, running to welcome me! Expecting to be rewarded! Well, he was, was he not?" He laughed heartily. "With a sword thrust! He let them get away, but we'll have them yet. They cannot get through the ring we've

thrown around the mountains."

The secretary spoke then. "This Antonio shouted something about a prisoner he held for you, Sire. Someone important under guard. Might it be the young Francesco

Della Rovere?

"Might be the mouthings of a desperate fool," snapped Cesare. The secretary bowed but went on firmly. "He cried, too, of treasure-of hidden gold. Dying men usually speak truth.'

Cesare laughed. "If there is gold here, we'll have it! Everything beneath this roof, within these walls-even the very rats and

mice-they are all mine!"

Chiara waited to hear no more. Pier Antonio was a traitor and a villain. He had met the fate he had planned for his bene-

On the verge of certain death he could find breath to betray a girl who had done him no harm. His was a just punishment, but she could feel only horror. Stumbling up the stairs, she touched the stone walls caressingly. They still pressed close upon her, but she rejoiced now in their grim strength. Her heart went out in loving gratitude to her dear guardian whose forethought had helped provide this sanctuary, and at every step she breathed a prayer for him—and for Philip—and for all Urbino's good and faithful friends.

For days afterward she did not leave the tower room. She nursed Alba carefully; made broth from meat pastes she found among Donna Eleonora's jars; and slept. Never before had she realized what luxury it was to possess sheets, blankets, wool puffs. But gradually her intense weariness disappeared, and energy came back to her.

She arranged the food supply carefully. There was enough dried meat, fish, fruits, and vegetables to last a long time, as well as many jars of nourishing pastes. Enough, she was sure, for she now dared hope their stay in the hidden room would be short. By keeping close watch from the balcony, she had discovered that the number of black-masked,



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fur-draped huntsmen dashing out to hunt was decreasing. Since they were Borgia's lieutenants, that meant his troops were moving. And the pack trains winding down the hillsides lengthened each day. Soon everything of value would be gone from the palace. Then guards would no longer be kept in the empty rooms. Before long she and Alba might be free!

Her desire for freedom had become a

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Her desire for freedom had become a burning thirst. To reach her friends—to see Philip again and set things right with him—that was all she asked now. She had dreamed, not long ago, of somehow thwarting Borgia. Now she only hoped to see him go away and felt delight that it might be soon. That hope grew stronger except when she cared for Alba.

Chiara was firmly determined that never should anyone learn the secret of the hidden room through her. They could not leave it, therefore, until Alba could walk down the stairs. And Chiara feared that Alba seemed no better.

But here she was mistaken, for one morning as Chiara was bathing her, Alba's eyes opened and she smiled. "My child," she whispered, "how am I come here?"

Chiara told of their escape and Alba nodded. "It all comes back! When the Duke's men burst into the inn, Galeazzo stabbed me. He screamed that I had betrayed him, but that you would be killed also. I tried to reach you, to warn you." Her hands went to her face. "The people in the streets—they stoned me as a traitor! I was dying there before the altar. You saved my life."

She knew nothing of the terrible conspiracy, she said brokenly. She only knew greed had made Galeazzo an evil man. Fearing him, she had hoped that Chiara might take her hack as a place waid.

her back as a palace maid.

"But I'll be all right now," she finished drowsily. From that time she mended rapidly. She developed a fine appetite and their food store dwindled alarmingly. Chiara was apprehensive, for there was no sign of Borgia's leaving, and she could not let Alba go hungry. If only she could pass the sentries, she might obtain food in the town.

Then Alba showed her the way. It was a hot day, and as Chiara drew the curtain against the noonday sun, Alba said drowsily, "Siesta time, my lady," and turning promothy fell asleen.

ing, promptly fell asleep.
"Siesta time!" How could she have possibly forgotten the midday rest time when all the world slept? Why, the sentries would probably be sleeping, too! Jubilant, she wrapped her black scarf tight about her hair, found the little purse that Donna Eleonora had put into her pocket, and, with fear in her heart, started off.

There was no one in sight at any of the peepholes until she reached her own rooms. There, two women were standing at the doorway, holding mops and pails. Two hearty creatures with masses of dark hair above flushed faces.

"There! It's done—and clean enough for the lady herself," said one. "Must have been lovely when she was living in it, with all her gay things around her!"

gay things around her!"
"May God watch over her, wherever she
m'y be, poor child," answered the other.
"I'm glad this job is done. There's so much
left to do!" she yawned.

"Still, there's a powerful lot of women here to share the work. I never knew there were so many folk I couldn't put a name to in the duchy," said her companion.

"True," nodded the other, "and most of them haven't a word to throw to a dog. Scared, probably. I'm glad I have you to talk to." She yawned again. "And glad it's siesta time. Come on!" They put their cleaning things in a cabinet near the door and disappeared.

Chiara moved fast. They had given her an idea. No matter whether sentries slept or waked, she could get by them now. Dis-guised as a worker she could go anywhere. A timid cleaner who had strayed into the wrong room would be her story. She was properly dressed for the part. She would

start now!

She opened the panel, went to the cabinet and took a pail, then stepped into the outer corridor. Passing some of the rooms she saw guards lying on benches or on the floor,

snoring.

She went along boldly, the only one stirring in the palace. Suddenly her heart lurched. A woman, pale, hollow-eyed, drab garments fluttering around her thin figure, was coming straight toward her. Chiara stopped, prepared to make her little speech, though her throat was dry and her hands grew cold. The woman, too, stopped and stared at her. Then Chiara realized it was herself-her own image reflected in the mirrored wall. Weak with relief, she sank on a nearby marble bench, and shook with silent laughter. Why worry now? Who could possibly recognize her when she did not know herself?

Full of confidence now, she sprang to her feet. The pail, which she had placed on the floor beside her, turned over with a crash and rolled along the marble floor. She ran after it and grasped it, just as a figure rushed from a nearby room. Square in her path he stood-a soldier, brilliant in red and gold, one of Borgia's sentries. She remained still, looking up at him, a tall young fellow, evidently a country youth. She hoped, not too

What are you doing here?" he growled. Chiara dropped her eyes and bobbed a

"Speak up, will you? Don't you know you're not allowed in this corridor? Come, find your tongue, girl! Let me see your pass and your ration card!"

'Pass? Ration card?" Chiara gasped weak-

"I-I haven't any."

ly. "I-I haven't any.
"What?" His voice rose in astonishment. "Don't you know you can't go anywhereeither in or out of the palace-without showing your cards? Come along! I'll have to take you to my captain!"

(To be continued)



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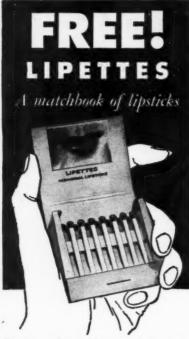
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SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



LOVE MELVIN-A remantic comedy starring Bonald O'Cennor and Debbie Reynolds, with good music and dencing. In laws with Debbie, Danald tries to win the approved of her family by posing as a successful photographer. A wild and merry scramble follows as he tries to make good on his pretense, against an exciting Technicofor background of New York's Central Park and other famous aports. Although at some points it idean't seem posible, everything really does turn



TOMICAL WE SING-Magnificant music and singing, excellent ballet, and an absorbing story of a real man are combined in a real man are combined in a real man are combined in a sec. It is the warmly human story of a poor young immigrant, Sol Hurok; of his dreams, his struggles and failures, his eventual success. The cast is brilllant, with Exic Pinze in the role of Challaple, David Wayne as Herok, Roberta Peters as Elsa Valdine, Tamera Toummand dancing the role of Pavlova, and many others. (20th Century Fea)



Litte-The setting is a little French town, and Lill a Freisch arphron gld who is betriended by members of a small carnival. There is by and sorrow, hearthreak and kappiness, in the lives of the cernival folk, and in Lill's worth for the affection site useds trelle Caron, as Lill, has ample apportunity to express her engaging personality and her genius in the ballet. With her in the cast are hel Ferrer, Jean Pierre Aumant, Lee Zee Gabor, and four delighing, leveble puppets. Mark this a "don't raise." (M.G.-M.)



TARI-A fleely, lighthearted story about a girl named Mary Constance Smith) and a taxicob driver named Eddia (Dan Dailey). Just off a beat from Ireland Mary has only a few hours in which to find her subsing American husband. Eddie has only that one day to now the money he must have to make the finoi payment on his cab. What happens when the hard-builed Eddia and his cab became invelved in Mary's teach became involved in Mary's teach makes as enjoyable and entertaining picture for the whole family.

(20th Contray-Fax)

Round-up on Retailing

(Continued from page 13)

high school board of forty-six girls from twenty-three high schools, who model in teen fashion shows every two weeks, arrange lectures for her in their schools, and work in the Youth Center on Saturdays under her supervision. Her talks include fashion, entertaining, gift wrapping, and good grooming. Her work gives her an inside view of merchandising. It can lead to broader opportunities, such as fashion co-ordinator, or conducting fashion shows for manufacturers.



Bebe Cole, twenty-two, was, until recently, assistant manager of the book department of Thalhimer's in Richmond, Virginia. Three qualifications got her there: real knowledge and love of books; enthusiasm for meeting and serving the public; ability to manage salespeople. She had responsibility for scheduling employees' work time, for seeing that all merchandise is represented on the selling floor, for reading enough to be acquainted with her stock. After graduation from high school, Bebe had a course on the art of bookselling, and classes in retailing offered by Thalhimer's department store. "My greatest personal satisfaction is in bringing happiness through books to small children," she says. "But there are others-the wide knowledge that comes to you both from the books and from the customers! The wonderful friends you make. The feeling that you have found the books somebody needs." As we go to press we learn that Bebe has taken a step up in her career by becoming book buyer for the Methodist Publishing House in Richmond. She has still another ambitionsome day she hopes to manage a bookstore. THE END

July Recipe Exchange Announcement

Subject: Family Meals Out of Doors Date Due: April 20, 1953

Each month we will announce in the magazine the kind of cookery for which we wish recipes. The recipe you send in MUST be one that you have used successfully. For every recipe printed THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

We should also like to receive letters telling how and why you have found your recipe especially helpful or valuable.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

 Recipes and letters must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink.

Recipes and letters must be on separate sheets.
 Recipes should be written on one side of the paper only.

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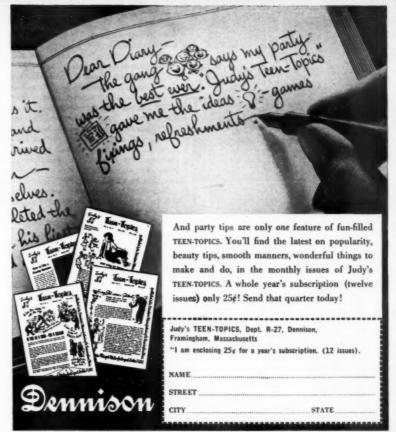
3. In the upper right-hand corner of the recipe sheet, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.

 List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.

5. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

fished in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

6. Address all entries to Cooking Editor, American Girl Mogazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.



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very fast speed, much too dangerous for such a little town. I can't say exactly what happened between the time that I saw the truck coming around the corner and the time I saw Meg lying there in the middle of the street. As near as Eddie and I can figure it, Meg saw the truck coming around the corner and Lucky in the middle of the street. She loved Lucky more than anyone or anything else. Her whole world, so to speak, revolved around that dog. I guess I sort of knew how she felt. Seeing her beloved dog about to be run over, she ran out into the street to save him. The driver of the truck was going so fast that he didn't see either Meg or the dog.

Meg was taken to the hospital, but they couldn't save her. The dog had died instantly.

The trunk? Oh, well, you see, the trunk is what Meg gave me for my birthday. In it is the most treasured thing I own—a piece of leather from Lucky's collar.

CORRINA SCHNITZER (age 13)
Palo Alto, California

Silence

Nonfiction Award

I will always hate silence! I hate it because it brings memories of sadness. Illness is at home in this kind of silence-the kind of silence that is intensified by the ticking of a clock or the drip of rain. I hate silence because it is a weapon I cannot fight against. When an enemy (or angered friend) says nothing, there is no way to refute his argument. What can one say against the stillness of death? Is there something one can say when none can hear? What could be worse than to expect someone to call and the phone not ring? Do you like the silence of parting, when each is too hurt to say anything? You may like silence, if you wish. You may say it is soothing and peaceful-but I shall always hate it!

EMILY BROWN (age 16) Cantrall, Illinois

Why?

Valiant woman, As you stand there By the seashore What are you thinking? Why are you afraid? With your eyes Like moondrops. Why do you weep? Who has wronged you? What lover has departed? The hues of the sunset play Havoc with your beauty. Please Do not weep. Valiant woman. JUDITH WEINSTEIN (age 13) New Rochelle, New York

Freddie's Arrival

Yes, it finally came. The birth of my brother, Frederick David Singer, was the thing that caused so much excitement in my house on November 3, 1952. I was in school at the time when he was born, but when I came home at twelve o'clock, I heard the good news. Finally, after eight long days, my mother and new brother came home. He was so tiny that I thought he would never grow up. He had blond hair and blue eyes at the time, and still does. He likes

his bottle the best, which I feed him; next his rice pablum; and last he likes his banana. He is beginning to smile now and looks so adorable when he does. Freddie's arrival was the best thing that ever happened to me.

MARIAN SINGER (age 11) Springfield Gardens, New York th

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Rain and Peanuts Nonfiction Award

The sun beat down relentlessly. As we worked there in the field, we pitied the poor wilted plants, trying to stand forth against the sand while the scorching wind whirled against them. We searched the clear blue sky for a tiny cloud that would shade the plants from the burning rays of the sun, and eventually bring life-giving rain to the precious plants with which we had so labored.

The peanut harvest was early because, as one of the neighbors vehemently declared, "Them things ain't a gonna make anything no way." Threshing time: the rickety old thresher, center of attention amid the noisy tractors; men tired and sweating; and what is best to me—the spirit of co-operation among the men as they desperately work to help get the "other fellow's" crop in before the dreaded rains come.

Yes, I said "dreaded rains," because before these days of threshing there is a period when the peanuts are lying there on the ground with no protection from raindrops—drops that will darken and eventually decay the delicate little leaves.

Slowly the days pass. Rain hasn't come yet, but the clouds that we searched for so vainly are now stealing up out of the west and creeping over the sun.

The last night of waiting! After tomorrow everything will be safe, but in the night I am awakened by a loud crash of thunder. As lightning brightens the room, I dash to the window—the clouds are now gathered like a pack of hungry wolves, ready to pounce on their prey. "That still doesn't mean it will rain," I desperately hope—but then a huge drop of rain strikes the roof. Another and another. "Maybe it will soon stop; a few drops won't hurt," I tell myself. But as the downpour increases, I know it is going to be a gully-washer. I turn over, bury my head in the pillow, and sigh, "Oh, well, there is always another year, and maybe next year it. . . ."

MARGARET MOORMAN (age 17) Durant, Oklahoma



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD
SUE MANSCHOT (age 15) Shorewood, Wisconsin

Movie Mystery Nonfiction Award

My wife and I were walking along a lonely road one night, when we came to a sign that read, "Walk East on Beacon." We decided that we had better turn around and take a different road as we heard "Distant Drums." for we knew that if we went any further, we would have an "Appointment with Danger."

As we neared an old haunted house, by the "Bend of the River," we heard "Paula," "My Wife's Best Friend," scream. Then someone shouted, "Here Come the Nelsons!" And we heard "Belles on Their Toes" as they ran away. As we entered the house, we saw a "Broken Arrow" and "Double Crossbones" on the floor. In the next room we saw "Father's Little Dividend," a very "Pretty Baby," sound asleep. How she got there I have no idea, but she must have something to do with this mystery.

All at once we heard "Captain Horatio Hornblower" blow his horn, and the "Merry Widow" came in laughing. She told us that the "Son of Pale Face" would soon be there. I knew then that positively "Anything Can Happen" in "The Wild North."

Soon I didn't think there was even "Room for One More" in this mystery, so I was very surprised when "The Model and the Marriage Broker" stepped into the room.

I asked what had happened to "Paula" and all I got was "Three Little Words": I don't know.

The "Father of the Bride" said we could get a "Passage West" to "Smuggler's Island," if we would walk a few miles and "Follow the Sun." I said that I would rather stay here and at least try to solve this mystery.

They then told "The Great Caruso" to tie us up and take us "Along the Great Divide." By this time I was getting mad and was just getting ready to call my pet lion, "Fearless Fagan," when they shoved a gag in my mouth. By the time we got to the great

divide, I felt like a "Saddle Tramp." Then "The Fat Man" appeared. He was able to free my wife, but then something happened. I had been taken to an old, deserted farmhouse. Just as my wife was set free, "The Redhead and the Cowboy" shot the "Lights Out," and killed "The Great Caruso."

The next thing I knew, "Three Guys named Mike" appeared with a new member of the gang. She was "The Girl in White," and very "Lovely to Look At."

Later, after everyone had left, except the person who was the guard, "The Mudlark" came out of his hiding place and led me through the "Halls of Montezuma," and I managed to escape down "The Spiral Stair-I stopped at a farmhouse and telephoned my wife and told her that I was safe. and that it was "Bedtime for Bonzo."

On my way home I took a little path that led to "Steel City;" where my home was. I came to a small orchard, and as "It Grows on Trees," I had to climb up and get an apple. When I got about twenty miles away from home, I ran into "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," I was hit by lightning, and knocked down. When I started to get up, it hit me again, and I decided that "Lightning Strikes Twice" in one spot despite the adage.

I finally arrived home, and my wife had "Tea for Two" ready as I came in.

That night I slept "With a Song in My Heart." I found out the next morning what the solution to the mystery was. It was "The Prince Who Was a Thief" and "Mr. Music" was the man who did the murdering.

JOYCE LITTERAL (age 14) Yakima, Washington

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Dorothea Perkins (age 15) Denver, Colo.; Sandra Kimball (age 15) Wilmington, Vt. POETRY: Pearl Friedman (age 13) Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harriet Sherf (age 17) Los Angeles, Calif. NONFICTION: Charlotte Porcker (age 13) El Paso, Tex.; Joyce Schur (age 13) Brooklyn, N. Y.



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Have you sent an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted. Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers may be used.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Not over 800 words.

Poems: Two to twenty-five lines.
Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

Drawings: Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". WARNING: Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Black-and-white only. No smaller than 21/4" by 21/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entry for the August, 1953, issue must be mailed on or before May 1, 1953. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted. 2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts-or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender. Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted. The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender.

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only. 4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month-not one of each kind, but only one. 5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMER-ICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL re-

AWARDS

serves the rights to cut and edit manuscripts

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First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these. Send Entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

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WHERE TO BUY THE AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

ON THE COVER AND PAGES 17-20

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Cover Dress

Buffalo, N. Y J. N. Adam & Co.
Chicago, Ill
Cincinnati, OhioShillito's
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Dayton, Ohio
Detroit, Mich J. L. Hudson
Kansas City, Mo Emery Bird Thayer
Miami, FlaBurdine's
Milwaukee, Wis Boston Store
Nashville, Tenn Loveman Berger Teitlebaum
Philadelphia, PennaJohn Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz
Portland, Ore Olds & King
Rochester, N. YE. W. Edwards & Son
Salt Lake City, UtahAverbach Co.
South Bend, Ind Robertson Bros.
Washington, D. C Woodward & Lothrop, Inc.
York, Penna

Prize Purchase, Page 17

Albuquerque, N. M
Ann Arbor, Mich Jacobson Stores, Inc.
Atlantic City, N. J
Baltimore, Md Hochschild Kohn
Battle Creek, Mich Jacobson Stores, Inc.
Birmingham, Mich Jacobson Stores, Inc.
Boston, Mass Conrad & Co.
Brookline, Mass Edith Humphries
Brooklyn, N. YAbraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. YFlint & Kent
Burlington, lowaJ. S. Schramm
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Denver, Colo
Detroit, Mich J. L. Hudson
E. Lansing, MichJacobson Stores, Inc.
Flushing, N. Y
Gary, Ind H. Gordon & Sons
Gloversville, N. Y The Junior Shop
Grand Rapids, Mich Fleck's
Grosse Point, Mich Jacobson Stores, Inc.
Hartford, Conn
Hickory, N. CSpainhour Co.
Hutchinson, Kans Pegues Wright Co.
Jackson, Mich Jacobson Stores, Inc.
Jamaica, N. Y
Lima, OhioThe Leader
Manchester, ConnBurton's
Meriden, ConnJudy Sub Deb Shop
Middletown, Conn
Newark, N. JKresge's
Newburyport, MassPat & Pam
New Haven, Conn Gamble-Desmond Co.
Newport, R. ICalvani
New York, N. YBloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Penna Joseph Horne's
Portsmouth, Va Sears, Betty & Bob
Richmond, Va
Rochester, N. Y Sibley-Lindsay-Curr Co.
St. Louis, MoKline's
St. Paul, Minn
San Diego, Calif
South Bend, Ind Robertson Bros.
Springfield, Ill
Summit, N. J

Uniontown,	Penna.	 N.	Kavfm	an's, Inc.
Washington	, D. C	 Wood	word &	Lothrop
Wilkes-Barre	e, Penna	 T	he Too	n Shoppe

Summer Reflections, Pages 18-21

Paramount Dress

Altoona, Penna
Charleston, S. C Diamond Co.
Columbus, Ga J. A. Kirven Co.
Ft. Worth, Tex The Fair
Houston, TexSakowitz Bros.
Kansas City, Mo Farrar's Girls Shop
Newark, N. JKresge's
Paterson, N. J
San Francisco, Calif White House
Sioux City, Iowa
Washington, D. C Woodward & Lothrop
Westfield, N. JClara Louise
Wichita, Kans Geo. Innes Co.

Bobby Teen Dress

Baltimore, Md	May Co.
Baton Rouge, La	Fellmans
Chicago, Ill The F	air Store
Kansas City, Mo	Kline's
Philadelphia, Penna	Lit Bros.
Salt Lake City, UtahAver	rbach Co.

Teena Paige Dress

Brooklyn, N. Y Abraham & Straus
Chicago, IllCarson, Pirio Scott
Los Angeles, Calif Broadway Dept. Store
Miami, FlaBurdine's
New Orleans, La D. H. Holmes

Carsonette Dress

Baltimore, Md Hochschild Kohn Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y
Cincinnati, Ohio
Hartford, Conn
Minneapolis, Minn
Richmond, Va
St. Paul, MinnField-Schlick
Washington, D. C Woodward & Lothrop

Shirley Lee Dress

Altoona,	Pen	na.				0	0	g	9	9		٧	Vi	m		F.	Ge	ble	. 0	o.
Asheville,	, N.	C.		a						0		. 1	Be	bi	1	M	arc	he,	In	nc.
Atlanta,	Ga.				0								.1	D	e	vi	son	Pe	X	on
Lincoln,	Neb										 					. 6	ols	8		o.
Miami F	la																R	ardi	ine	1/5

Bonnie Blair Dress

Baltimore, Md Hochschild Kohn Co.
Chicago, Ill Carson, Pirie Scott
Cleveland, Ohio
Detroit, MichJ. L. Hudson
Grand Rapids, Mich
Lincoln, Neb
Louisville, Ky Stewart D. G. Co.
Milwaukee, Wis Ed. Schuster & Co.
St. Louis, MoFamous Barr Co.

APRIL, 1953



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